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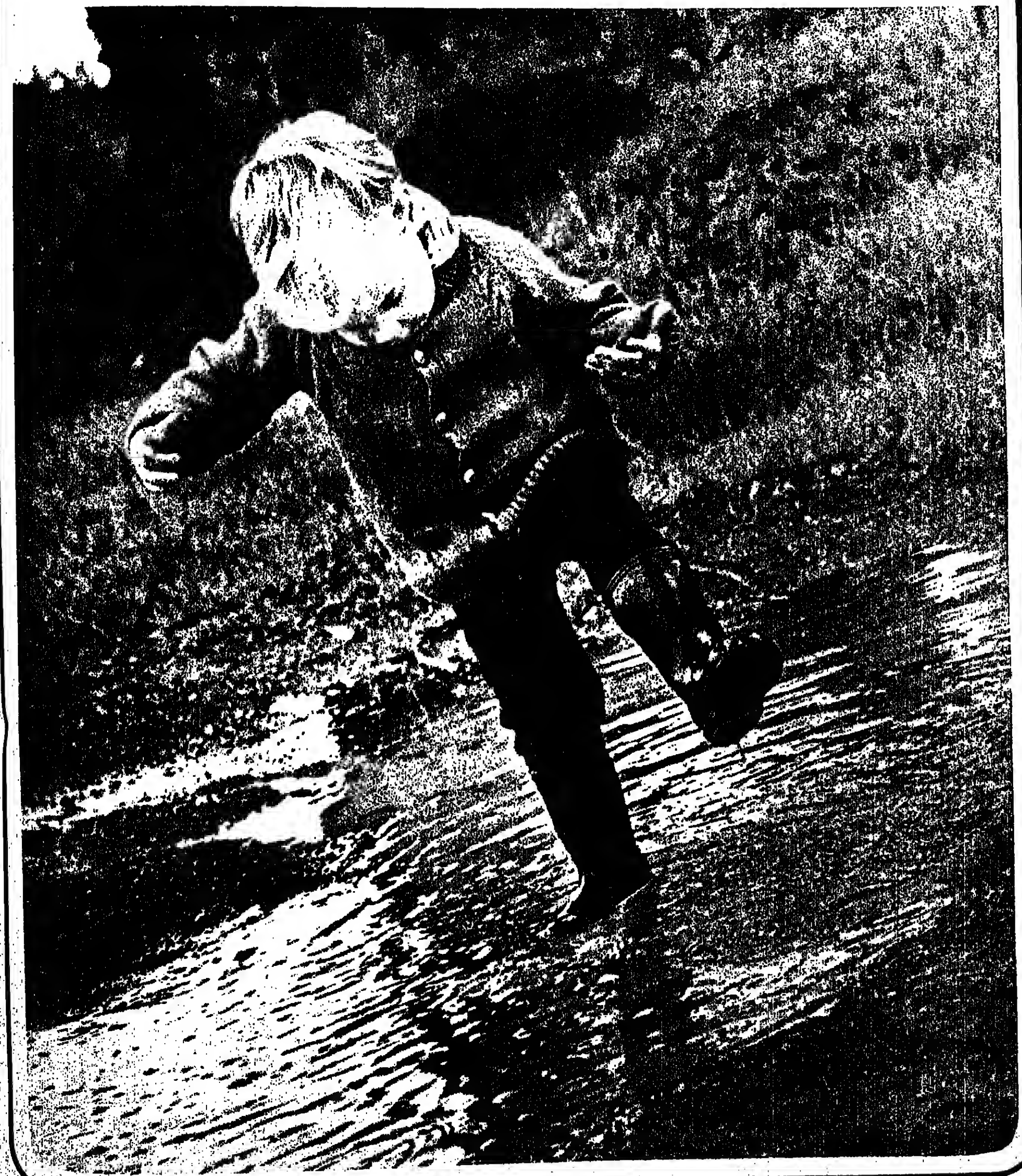
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Bank 10/77

THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, October 21, 1977

The first rain



הכרזה מן הארץ



Cover photo by Aliza Auorbach.

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SHAARE ZEDEK MEDICAL CENTRE, JERUSALEM



A DAY OF GUIDED TOURS

October 25, 1977

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With the official opening of the Shaare Zedek Medical Centre only one year away, the public is cordially invited for a day of free guided tours, which will take place from 9.00 a.m. to 4.00 p.m., with one beginning every hour on the hour.

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Haga Command Notice to the Public

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If you have not yet received this booklet you may obtain a copy by sending a postcard to M.P.O. 2678, Zahal.
The booklet is in Hebrew.

Sincerely,
Haga Command

THE RESIDENTS of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip have not yet become fully adjusted to the new role thrust upon them. They still have to get used to the idea that they will be the representatives of the "Palestinians" at the much-heralded Geneva Middle East peace conference, now scheduled to take place in December. And they have been maintaining a characteristic silence as the political scenario develops.

The reluctance of the residents of the territories to speak up is understandable. It follows the pattern of their political activity for the past 10 years, most of which have been spent under the shadow of the Palestine Liberation Organization, which has assumed the proportions of a terrifying dragon for them.

And while there were recently some individuals who attempted to challenge the PLO, none of them — from young Ramallah lawyer Hussein Shluoukhi, to Baran Ja'abari, son of the aging Hebron chieftain Sheikh Mohammed Ali Ja'abari, to Hebronite Mustafa Doudin, a former member of the Jordanian Cabinet — seems to be the St. George ready or able to do battle with the PLO dragon.

As has happened before, the major West Bank-Gaza political forces seem content to sit back and await developments. This time, they are waiting to see how the PLO will emerge from its latest struggle for existence.

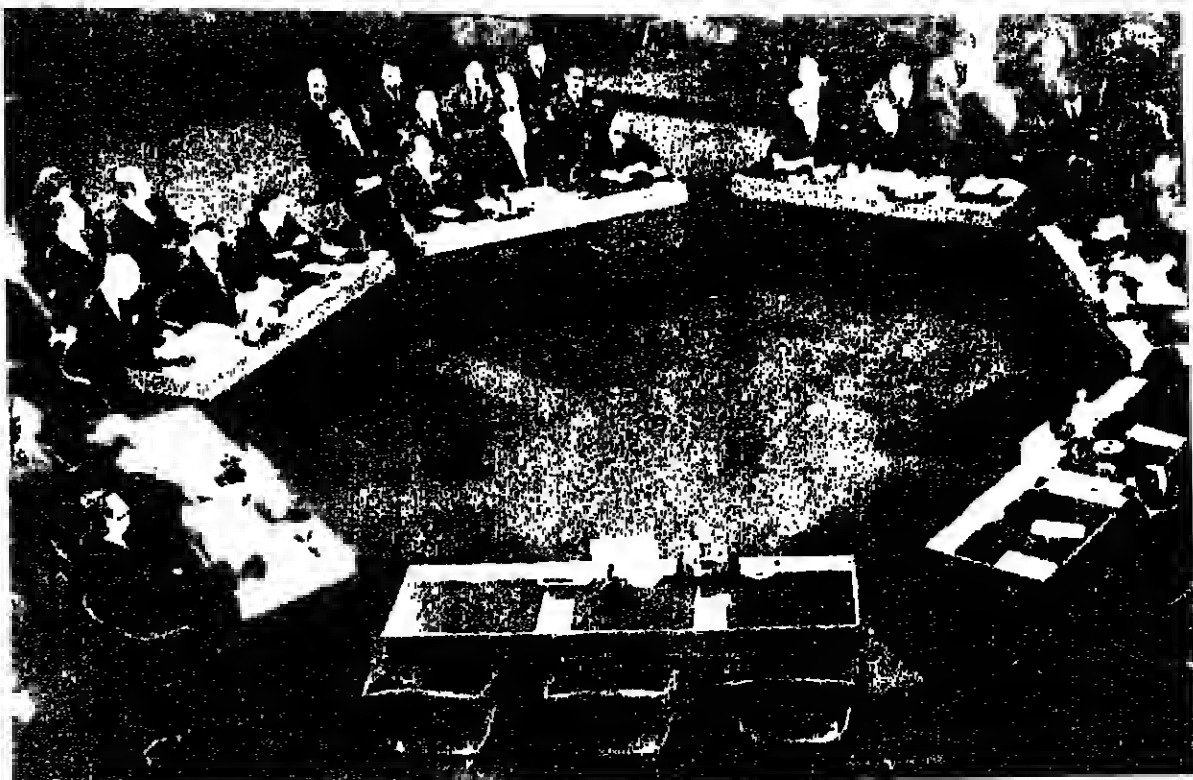
For the PLO, admission to Geneva is a matter of life and death, more important and more fundamental than the actual outcome of the conference itself. The presence of a PLO delegation at Geneva would be the fruition of a decade of struggle. Without a place at Geneva, the PLO could claim no real achievement, other than the focusing of world attention on the political plight of the Palestinian Arabs. It has no other positive achievement of any significance, even in the Arab political arena.

The failures of the PLO are evident. It has not succeeded in meeting the expectations of many "moderate" Arabs, including Egypt's Mohammed Hassanain Heykal, in "harassing" Israel while the Arab states built up their military might. It has not succeeded in "revolutionizing" the Arab states, particularly those confronting Israel. Its major accomplishment is a very negative one, of plunging two of those states — Jordan and Lebanon — into bloody and self-destructive civil war.

So, without Geneva, the PLO would be relegated to the status of a dissident, trouble-making radical movement.

Despite the fact that the U.S.-Israel working paper designates the West Bank-Gaza Strip residents as the Palestinian representatives at Geneva, the issue is far from settled. The working paper has already been criticized by the Arab states, on precisely this issue. And there are signs that the Americans, while reluctantly confirming their pledge to back an Israeli veto of a PLO presence at the Geneva conference table, think that there is still some room for manoeuvre.

As the sands of Arab politics continue to shift, it is not clear what the outcome will be. What can be seen as Jordanian and Egyptian flexibility on the issue of PLO representation is balanced by the hard line stand of the Syrians, who after a period of disengagement with the PLO brought about by the Lebanese



Opening of the Geneva Middle East conference, in December, 1975.

NOBODY'S READY TO TILT WITH THE DRAGON

Political leaders from the West Bank and Gaza Strip—designated by the U.S.-Israel working paper as the Palestinian representatives at the Geneva conference — are taking a cautious attitude, particularly when it comes to a possible confrontation with the PLO, writes ANAN SAFADI.

civil war, are maintaining that there can be no peace without the Palestinians and no Palestinians without the PLO.

THE PLO recently has had good reason to worry about its status in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. The Carter concept of a Palestinian "homeland" linked with Jordan rather than an independent Palestinian state — was a serious setback for the PLO. So was the rise of the Likud government, whose political and territorial conceptions are at the very opposite end of the spectrum from those of the PLO. These two factors sharpened divisions among local Arabs, who broke into two major blocs, with each camp embracing two factions, differing over approach rather than strategy.

First there is the faction which sympathizes with Arafat's PLO mainstream — seeking participation in Geneva with the aim of achieving an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip "as a first step" towards the ultimate establishment of an all-Palestine state "through future dialogue" with Israel, or through Israel's "eventual self-disintegration once it is incorporated in the Middle East under peaceful terms."

The second faction of the same bloc is the "rejectionists," identifying with the most extremist PLO radicals in their opposition to any form of political settlement. This group advocates armed struggle, no matter how long Israel holds the territories captured in 1967. Rejectionist-leaning spokesmen usually express two expectations — the overthrow of neighbouring Arab regimes occupying themselves with Middle East political deliberations; and the growth of the Arab community

in Israel and the administered territories to the point where, "sooner or later," it outnumbers the Jewish society.

The other bloc is led by a faction which views the option of Jordan — which may eventually link them with Syria — as the only possible way out of their political plight. The representatives of this faction argue that the current inclination of the U.S. administration to accept such a Jordanian option may represent their last chance. There is no alternative, they argue, to an organic link with Jordan which, embracing a majority of Palestinians, remains their vital access in the national, social and economic spheres.

The supporters of the Jordanian option — often said to be supported by a silent majority — recently have been confronted, rather interestingly, by a growing faction advocating similar organic links with Israel. This group's spokesmen, who obviously oppose the return of old ties with Jordan "under new guise" argue that, under the circumstances, it would be unrealistic to re-close the borders and separate the territories from Israel. While stressing their quest for absolute autonomy in both the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, these spokesmen believe that the PLO ought to allow them to negotiate at Geneva in the hope of achieving a formula which includes both independence for them and coexistence between the two sides. The result which might be reached, they argue (disagreeing with the PLO), is more fundamental than the recognition of the PLO in Geneva. Their aim — "various options," ranging from confederation with Jordan that is open to Israel, to federated cantons embracing Israel, the West Bank, Gaza and Jerusalem, as well as Jordan, should the latter agree.

SPOKESMEN of this lost faction claim that they are enlisting influential "pragmatist" leaders from all the conflicting political camps in the West Bank. The Jerusalem Post has obtained evidence that a number of such leaders were closely consulting with each other, although none would confirm directly that a new, and rather powerful, leadership was emerging.

A central figure in this group told The Post that he and his colleagues would not commit themselves to a possible active political deliberation, pending the clarification of Israel's territorial intentions with regard to the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. He said he was trying to obtain information from Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan, noting that local leaders would like to know whether it was worth taking some kind of an initiative to go to Geneva to "negotiate" the West Bank and Gaza issues rather than "just discuss them," as the initial U.S.-Israel working paper suggested.

The spokesman said that neither he nor his colleagues intended to challenge or to defy the PLO. "On the contrary, we are thinking of persuading the PLO not only to give us the chance, but also to declare a truce throughout the duration of the Geneva conference."

The problem with this spokesman and his colleagues is that they would not speak openly, although they have been holding behind-the-scenes consultations with some foreign diplomats, at the latter's request.

"As long as all parties do not get a clear picture of our views, we remain vulnerable," the same central figure said, while complaining that "once you mention the PLO Israel gets upset. When you mention Jordan the PLO gets up-

set. And when you mention both Israel and the PLO, Jordan gets upset."

He said that the key element in the emerging leadership's doctrine is self-determination in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, through a plebiscite conducted under U.N. supervision.

THE SPIRIT of the doctrine sounded very much like a document represented last August to U.S. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance by the prominent Ramallah lawyer Aziz Shihadeh, who denied involvement in any of the recent factional political activity.

At the time, Shihadeh presented Vance, on behalf of a number of notables, with a detailed memorandum outlining a series of proposals clearly reflecting undeclared official positions relayed to the Americans by Saudi Arabia, Egypt and Jordan, as well as reportedly by Syria. The main points of that document included:

— Mutual recognition of the national rights of Israelis and Palestinians in the area called "Eretz Yisrael" in Hebrew and "Falastin" in Arabic. "Israelis and Palestinians should recognize the natural legitimate rights of both peoples to sovereign, national statehood in the land which both claim as their homeland," the memorandum said.

— A plebiscite, possibly conducted during "an interim period," which would enable the people of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip "to decide freely whether they want to join with Jordan," or to set up "their own democratic Palestinian state." Such an option, the memorandum said, would only be achieved "by agreement with King Hussein and the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan," and not offered as a "ready-made solution."

— A non-aggression pact between Israel and the Palestinian state, with a ban on the inviting of "foreign armed forces" to the area, or entering into military pacts with a third party, without mutual consent. This would be, according to the memorandum, a "first step toward closer relations."

— Negotiated, upon borders, with "free passage and liberty of movement for citizens of both states."

— A "just and generous" settlement to the refugee problem, allowing refugees to return to their homes or receive direct compensation for their property in Israel.

— Shared sovereignty for Jerusalem, realized through the creation of separate municipalities for each of the Israeli and Arab sections of the city, "with a joint commission to control and co-ordinate public services." This city, "rightly claimed by both nations... should also belong to both," the memorandum asserted. This, it said, meant "not a divided city but a shared sovereignty."

Whether Shihadeh's document would serve as a basis for negotiations by local Arabs who are not known members of the PLO remains an open question. What appears clear is that any such negotiator who goes to Geneva without the sanction of the PLO would be unacceptable to the rest of the Arab negotiators there. To confront the dragon, a West Bank St. George would need a spear — a substantial Israeli offer, which has not been made since 1967, during which time the PLO has constantly moved to fill the vacuum. □

מכזא מן האל



THE CANDID CHAIRMAN

Prof. Moshe Arens may be the first chairman of the Knesset Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee to ask the government to present him with a clearly defined plan of diplomatic action. And this is one of the things that he intends to do, he told Post staffers in a wide-ranging interview this week, reported here by DAVID LANDAU. Photographs by DAVID RUBINGER.

PROFESSOR Moshe Arens, chairman of the Knesset Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee, is almost unique among our top-flight politicians in that he is prepared to say publicly and without flinching: "It is highly unlikely that the Arab-Israeli conflict will be resolved in the foreseeable future."

One often wonders whether other Government and Opposition leaders in fact feel the same way, but avoid giving voice to their feelings. Perhaps Arens himself, if he were even closer to the top, with greater responsibility for public morale, would be less frighteningly candid in his assessment.

At any rate, his present frankness affords us an untrammelled insight into his political thinking. His belief that the conflict will continue for a long time — or his lack of faith in "the peace process" — is perhaps the source of the ideological laxity that seems incongruous at first in the mouth of the vice-chairman of Herut. But Arens says: "The problem of ideology are not our real problems. Our real, immediate problems are of strategy, not ideology."

It is not that he necessarily questions or disapproves the fundamental Herut doctrine. He simply doubts their relevance to the issue that Israel is likely to face in the foreseeable future. Hence his assurance that ideology need not be a bar to the Democratic Movement for Change joining the Likud-led, Herut-inspired government.

It is ironic, however, that a man of such eminently pragmatic views should have apparently fallen out with that other great pragmatist in the new administration, Moshe Dayan. Arens says there is no personal friction between them. "In fact, we don't know each other very well..." It is just that Dayan, "who, I have been told, was a 'bad testifier' as

Defence Minister, too," has been treating Arens's committee with a good deal less deference than its chairman would have liked.

Arens's practical prognosis, then, is — no peace in sight. What about Geneva negotiations?

For some of the Arabs, he replies, including Syria, Geneva is "a useful vehicle in moving towards the next war." They intend to use the conference to prove to the world — and especially to the U.S. — that Israel is intransigent, and thus to prepare the best possible climate for resuming the armed struggle.

Egypt, Arens believes, is also not aiming for peace, but ultimately for more war. It hopes to reach an agreement at Geneva that will weaken Israel militarily — "and then, later, try (war) again."

Only Jordan would perhaps genuinely like a real accommodation — but strictly on her terms, which are unacceptable to Israel.

ARENS STRESSES the "basic imbalance" of population, resources, etc.) of the conflict, whereby the Arab side can afford to think in terms of trying war, losing, and trying again — a strategic luxury which Israel can never enjoy.

"All this means that there is a not insignificant likelihood of war," Arens concludes. Israel's response to this situation must be three-fold:

- to fight the international political battle — above all the public opinion battle in the U.S.;
- to unceasingly strengthen its defence capability; and
- to develop — and impress the enemy with — a deterrent of such persuasive force that it would make launching a war too daunting a prospect even for the Arabs.

ON THE NEED and the means to strengthen Israel's defence capability, few can speak with more authority than Arens. He

recalls with unconfessed pride that, as Chief Engineer of Israel Aircraft Industries, he directed the Kfir warplane programme and the Gabriel missile programme, and adds: "I believe we can make every weapons system we need far cheaper than buying it abroad — so why buy abroad? With the Kfir we bought ourselves independence."

This assertion is correct, he says, even taking into account the fact that part of the American aid Israel receives has to be spent in the U.S. Arens clearly intends to make his views heard in the ongoing debate over Israel's next generation of fighter-interceptors. There has as yet been no final decision, he says, on whether to rely totally on the American F-16 and buy large numbers of that plane, or to build a new plane of our own.

Arens has set up a sub-committee on arms procurement as part of the Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee, and he plainly expects the sub-committee to be involved in the decision-making process. This week the sub-committee heard expert evidence on the warplane issue from Mordechai Hod, the former Air Force chief, and from Al Schwimmer, former head of IAI. Arens seems to favour buying a limited number of F-16s for the interim period before a new home-made plane begins rolling off the production lines.

In the other area of Israel's defence strategy, the political-diplomatic battle, Arens applies the same pragmatic criteria as Dayan, but does not necessarily reach the same conclusions. "We are just at the start," he says, "of a long dispute with the U.S. Basically it is a contest for public opinion, as President Carter himself made clear in his interview with *Time* magazine. We must decide on what issue we can buy the impression of flexibility and on what other we must draw our red line." It seems to me that

we're giving way on some issues on which we could have made more capital. Dayan's talk of 'walking out of Geneva if...' is a little bit simplistic."

ONE SUCH issue was the joint U.S.-Soviet statement on the Middle East. "Maybe our people themselves were surprised by the strength of (negative) reaction in the U.S. to this," Arens remarks. Another was the unfilled Arab delegation, which Israel has agreed to accept for the opening session of a resumed Geneva Conference. "This is a point that would have been easy to get across to American public opinion. There is no precedent in history for treaty negotiations being held of a multi-party basis."

The Palestinian-PLO issue, Arens warns, poses a huge challenge in terms of U.S. public opinion. (Born in Russia, Arens lived in the U.S. from a very early age.) "In America the norm is to talk to anybody. People reason that there's no harm in talking. America itself talked with the Vietcong, for instance. Moreover, the idea of a Palestinian entity is widely accepted."

ON THIS last point Arens lays a good deal of the blame on former Premier Rabin and ex-Foreign Minister Allon, who were wont to assert that no peace is possible without a solution to the Palestinian problem. "Maybe they're sorry about it now. At any rate, they're not saying it any more."

Arens recalls how, in 1974, he had pointed out to then-Information Minister Aharon Yari the pitfalls in this assertion. "Yari, a highly intelligent fellow, thought about it for a moment, and then said, 'Well, it's true, isn't it?' No doubt Rabin and Allon also believed it was true — but they didn't think it through to the end. It implies that there is a Palestinian national entity — that

the Palestinians have a problem — that their problem is solvable — that we can solve it (otherwise why would we be talking about it?) — that without solving it there will be no peace — ergo: it is our fault that there is no peace."

Foreign Minister Dayan, and apparently Mr. Begin, too — for, as Arens concedes, they seem to be working in full harmony — believed that the format of the Arab delegation at Geneva was not an issue on which Israel could easily or successfully make a case to American public opinion. They consider it too technical and esoteric. The Palestinian-PLO complex, on the other hand, they feel is much more clear-cut and readily understandable. Hence their decision to accept the "working paper" which provides for a unified delegation at the opening session and for a multi-party working group to discuss the West Bank and Gaza Strip (while omitting any mention of the PLO).

Arens, certainly not the stereotype Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee chairman who traditionally supports any government decision without question, is openly dubious. "Perhaps we're setting things in concrete that might come back and haunt us later. Maybe we should have made our stand here."

But though perhaps wrong, the decision to accept this working paper was definitely "not rubbish." There are going to be plenty more important decisions in the months ahead. We have to see it in the overall context.

But what is the overall context? Here Arens makes another observation not normally expected from a line-toeing FA & D Committee chairman: "We have not been presented to date with an overall strategy — either for a Geneva scenario or for an alternative, contingency plan should there be no Geneva. We intend to ask the Government to come up

with one." On the whole, apart from Dayan's somewhat cavalier disavowal, Arens says he is satisfied with the Begin Government's attitude to the committee. Defence Minister Weizman in particular has been "very cooperative," reporting regularly on the developing situation in Lebanon. Begin, too, has been "very good" — apart from the one instance when he failed to submit to advance the "peace plan" he was talking to President Carter.

ARENS is clearly an innovative chairman, determined to ensure a role for his committee in actual decision-making processes. To facilitate this he has called three sub-committees — a panel on Lebanon, another on arms procurement and the defence industry, and a third comprising four members, whose identities he will not divulge — on the security services.

The Labour Opposition has not been particularly supportive of his scheme so far, Arens notes. Yael Allon was named chairman of the Lebanon sub-committee, but it has been hard to capture

his interest. His deputy, Yitzhak Novon, is in favour of the full Committee hearing anything of importance. But I'm hoping that with time they will be more helpful."

The secret services sub-committee is a new departure into a realm that previously lacked any parliamentary supervision. Says Arens: "I asked the directors of the Mossad and the Shin Bet, 'If your services were being mismanaged, how would we know about it?' They scratched their heads and eventually said there would be 'more punctures.' The new sub-committee will, it is hoped, correct that situation."

Obviously following U.S. Congressional practice, Arens is seeking professional back-up aid for his committee — though not, of course, on the U.S. scale where committee members are sometimes outnumbered by professional aides. He has enlisted the voluntary services of Prof. Moshe Maoz, the Hebrew University Arabist, as academic adviser to the Lebanon sub-committee. The sub-committee on arms procurement will have the help of another H.U. academic, economist David Levhari, while



The Kfir, developed while Arens was at IAI. (Rubinger)

the committee as a whole will be served by a retired senior army officer in its ongoing follow-up of the Agrenst Commission report. Arens also hopes to have academics write occasional papers for the committee in their areas of expertise.

One problem, he says, is budgets. "The Knesset is not

equipped for that sort of thing. Still, I'm confident the money will be forthcoming."

ARENS NATURALLY disapproves of the frequent leaks from the committee's sessions which, by law, are secret — but his disapproval is relatively mild, mellowed by political common-sense. "It is the perennial problem of politicians whose constant aim is to further their own and their parties' aims. The alternative is to deprive the committee of relevant information — and that alternative is simply not available to a democratic government."

Besides, as he points out, most of the leaks are about the "atmosphere" at the committee meetings, and about political information that has already been aired publicly in one form or another.

"I'm told the committee is very good at keeping real security matters totally secret," he says. "And as far as I know, the censors have not acted on any leaks from the committee during the period of my chairmanship."

Arens was widely mooted as Herut's choice for one of the ministerial portfolios which

appeared to be available until the Democratic Movement for Change decided to join the coalition. He showed no great enthusiasm for the Social Betterment post, indicating that he would prefer Transport and Communications. However, he did not seem particularly forceful in pressing for either appointment, and in the event was offered neither. He appears convincingly unperturbed.

"I have no Messiah complex. I and my family believe I've reached my level of maximal involvement in public affairs. If the Premier had cornered me and pressed me to take a particular job...but it wasn't like that. I'm not pushing myself, end, anyway. I've got a job."

But those who don't push often get further faster than those who do. The Likud — indeed the Israeli political firmament as a whole — is not blessed with an overabundance of intellectual stars of Arens's brightness. It would not be overly rash to predict that he will be acting and hearing much more of Moshe Arens in the years ahead, and that his present "maximal involvement" will turn out to be less than maximal after all. □

ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. This Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time.

The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

Having a Baby in Israel

Israel is one of the few "Western type" countries where child bearing is openly encouraged by both the government and the majority of the populace. The government, through the offices of the National Insurance Institute (*Bituch Leumi*) covers most hospital costs for childbirth and even sends the mother home with a cash gift to help defray the cost of layette and equipment. In addition, the new mother, if she has worked a minimum amount of time (details mentioned below) can receive a paid leave of absence to care for her new-born baby. The National Insurance Institute also deposits a monthly child allowance (*Khtavot Yelidim*) directly into each mother's bank account. The size of this allowance depends upon the number of children and is adjusted twice a year according to the rise in the cost of living index.

Pre- and post-natal care are also provided by the government through its system of "well-baby" clinics known as "Tachanot" (*Nipul Be'etiv u'Yaylad*) or more com-

monly known as "Nipul Haleb" (drop of milk).

The aim of this article is to present the new olah (or mother to be) with a glimpse of the various material rights and services available with regard to childbirth.

REGISTRATION AT HOSPITAL

In Israel, the pregnant woman chooses a hospital in her area in which to give birth. In order to ensure herself a place, she simply has to register there in her sixth month for earlier, in certain hospitals where demand is great.

MEDICAL PERSONNEL

The birth is attended by midwives on duty. These midwives are registered nurses who have studied and specialized in midwifery. A doctor is on duty to deal with complicated deliveries. Natural childbirth is practiced in almost all Israeli hospitals.

Some women (a minority) prefer to hire a private midwife or doctor to be with them during the birth. This is not covered by Health In-

surance. In some cases special services such as anaesthetics in a childbirth that has no complications can only be obtained by engaging a private doctor.

BITUACH LEUMI (NATIONAL INSURANCE INSTITUTE)

Me'anak Leida (Childbirth Grant)

The childbirth grant is provided by *Bituach Leumi* to cover the costs of hospital care for both mother and child and aid in supplying the newborn child with clothes and equipment.

Who is Eligible for the Me'anak Leida

1) Any mother who is a resident of Israel or the wife of a resident of Israel, even if the birth takes place abroad.

2) Any mother who is herself or is the wife of a salaried or independent worker employed in Israel, as long as the birth takes place in Israel.

Break-down of the Me'anak Leida

1) IL2,000 is paid directly to the hospital to cover normal hospital expenses, thus exempting the woman of all costs except special services she has ordered during the length of her hospital stay. If additional medical care, including hospitalization for an additional period, is required for either mother or child, this, also, is covered by *Bituach Leumi*. If hospitalization is required prior to the birth, up to three days expenses are covered by *Bituach Leumi*.

2) A IL700 payment, intended for use in acquisition of equipment and a layette for the baby, is made to the mother while she is still in the hospital. (Both figures are subject to change).

APPLICATION FOR THE ME'ANAK LEIDA

Application for the *me'anak leida* is made through the hospital in which the birth will take place. When the prospective mother

registers at the hospital (see Registration of Hospital) she will be required to present her *taudat zehut* (identity booklet) and that of her husband and the number of her (their) bank account. The hospital administration will fill out the application form and transfer it to *Bituach Leumi*.

D'MEI LEIDA (MATERNITY ALLOWANCE)

This is a payment to which the working mother is entitled as compensation for loss of income during the time within which she does not work during her pregnancy or after the birth. The sum paid is computed at the rate of 76% of her income as received during the last quarter worked up to a maximum of IL192.50 per day. (Sum subject to change).

ELIGIBILITY FOR D'MEI LEIDA

A woman is eligible for this allowance if she is:

1) a salaried or independent worker employed in Israel (even if she is not a resident of Israel).

2) a new immigrant who is at least eighteen years old and is taking an occupational training course.

The following conditions determine eligibility for receipt of *d'mei leida*:

A woman is eligible for *d'mei leida* if insurance fees were paid for her to the *Bituach Leumi* as a salaried or independent (self employed) worker. The period during which *d'mei leida* payments will be paid to her (six weeks or twelve weeks) is determined by the length of time during which insurance fees were paid to *Bituach Leumi* prior to the first day of eligibility for receipt of the *d'mei leida*. The first day of eligibility is the last day on which the woman worked, up to a maximum of forty-two days before the birthdate or before the due date as determined by the doctor.

The following are entitled to twelve weeks of *d'mei leida* payments:

1) A worker who paid insurance fees for ten months out of the fourteen months preceding the first day of eligibility.

2) A worker who paid insurance fees for fifteen out of twenty-two months preceding the first day of eligibility.

The following are eligible for six weeks of payments:

1) A worker who paid insurance fees for ten out of the eighteen months preceding the first day of eligibility.

2) A new immigrant who paid insurance fees for six out of fourteen months prior to the first day of eligibility. If she has not been in Israel for more than fourteen months preceding the first day of eligibility.

APPLICATION FOR THE D'MEI LEIDA

A special form is available at every branch of *Bituach Leumi*. This must be filled out and returned to the branch nearest your residence either in person or by mail.

ALTERNATE PAYMENT TO OLIM NOT ELIGIBLE FOR D'MEI LEIDA

A new olah, during her first year in Israel, who is not eligible for *d'mei leida* may obtain a payment of IL1,350 from the absorption authorities. To receive this payment she may apply through the case worker at the office of Mifal Heklit near her residence.

TRANSPORTATION EXPENSES

Bituach Leumi participates in the costs of transporting the mother to the hospital if the distance from the ambulance station to her home and from there to the hospital and back to the ambulance station is more than forty kilometers. The mother will then pay only part of the expenses. If the mother requires an ambulance upon doctors orders in order to return home after the birth, *Bituach Leumi* will participate in the expenses.

The next column (in two weeks time) will deal with the pre-and post-natal services provided by the *Nipul Haleb* well-baby clinics. (M.G.)

Communicated by the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption

מקדא מן האל

MEMORIES OF TERROR

Hanafi Muslims held 110 men and women at gunpoint in B'nai Brith's Washington headquarters last March. CHARLES FENYVESI
— who was there — describes the attempts of ex-hostages to come to terms with the nightmare.

ON THE threshold of dreams and in waking moments of tension, the nightmare refuses to go away. It begins with gunmen hurrying through a door. Shots are fired and machetes gleam as friends and colleagues are rounded up for a mass execution. The denouement varies, as the subconscious revises and censors. But no matter how many times the victims shoot back with guns that materialize miraculously, there is no escape from the memory of total helplessness — the reality of those hours on the concrete floor listening to threats of decapitation and praying for — or fearing — a police rush.

For the 110 men and women held at gunpoint in B'nai Brith's Washington headquarters by Hanafi Muslims last March, life has not returned to normal — if by normality is meant the normalcy before the attack. Many of the hostages aged years during those 39 hours of terror; close to 40 have since received some psychiatric help, and a few may need years of therapy to get over the shock or to cope with the deeper psychological problems the trauma brought to the surface. To the question, "Did you get over it?", the usual answer is, "I'll live with its memory for the rest of my life." The majority keep talking about The Event — ours is on age which has rejected silence as an unworkable if not cowardly repression.

For people working in the B'nai Brith building — whether held hostage or lucky enough to hide out or be absent that day — life has become more precious and at the same time more vulnerable to disaster. The phrase, "It's good to be alive," is repeated so often that it sounds like a prayer. Simple joys are felt more intensely than before the siege; the pleasures of dinner with friends or a quiet hour with a book are not taken for granted. But many ex-hostages find it hard to relax; impatience and a heavy feeling of premonition are carried over even to a Sunday ride with the family.

With some of the hostages, elation followed liberation — and the word is liberation, not release. "He is abnormally well," one wife remarked after her husband insisted on promptly returning all the telephone calls friends had made to the house during the ordeal. He then went to play his weekly soccer game and scored the first goal.

Another worried wife had to cook up a storm and invite dozens of friends to please a normally reticent husband who could not stop eating and talking. But the exuberance petered out after a few weeks at most, and, in some instances, gave way to symptoms other ex-hostages had suffered, in varying degrees, as soon as they got home: anxiety, hypertension, insomnia, depression, and unpredictable moods fluctuating between petulance and anger.

At one end of the spectrum, ex-hostages have had intimations of a rebirth. One young woman decided to become a mother. While held hostage, her despair deepened as she looked at friends with children and thought that there would be no child after her. She had not believed she could

come out alive, and when she did, she decided to live "a fuller life" and to do things she had postponed doing, which also included spending a weekend in New York, visiting museums and worrying less about her career.

The purchase of a long-desired aquamarine ring and going to an exotic place for a vacation are further examples of the same syndrome. Other post-siege resolutions include the one made by a middle-aged executive who decided to re-dedicate himself to Jewish organizational life, which he had considered leaving, and that of an impetuous younger man who pledged to be more considerate and thoughtful in what he refers to as his "new life."

But out of the terror was also born a malaise — a diffuse hostility with shifting targets as well as a fear of calamities lying in ambush.

Among the Jewish hostages, this newly found insecurity has led to an identification with Jewish history that the Good Life in America usually eclipses. "Now I know what it must have been like being rounded up by the Nazis," is a typical reaction. Some of the victims dwell on the virulent anti-Semitism of the Hanafis, probing its origins and antecedents or heaving great sighs of despair. Finally, the experience of being surrounded by implacable hatred dramatized Israel's predicament.

For the non-Jewish hostages — the majority of those held in the B'nai Brith building — life seems more dangerous now than before the attack. "But you got to go on living," summed up one man in his early 20s, "and you got to be strong if you don't want to go under. And you can't let madmen rule over your life."

"I live from one day to the next," said one young, formerly easy-going woman in her 30s. "I don't think of the crises ahead, I just concentrate on the one I am into." "Oh, I have my ups and downs — lots of downs," is a comment often heard in casual conversations.

Surprisingly enough, not one of the ex-hostages has quit working for B'nai Brith because of the attack. Initial tears of re-entering the building were overcome in a matter of days. With one exception — a nervous breakdown — people have learned to cope with their anxiety, shared in different measure by the entire staff, of working in an office which may conceivably be a terrorist target again.

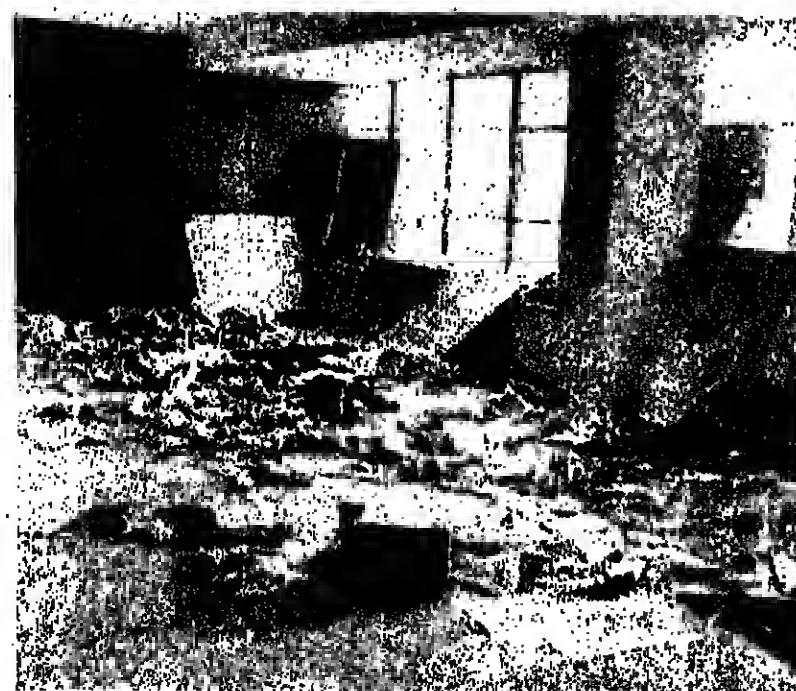
The great majority of ex-hostages have become acutely sensitive to sudden noises and raised voices — and even to what strikes them as periods of "undue quiet." Is something going on again? Is the question whenever there is a departure from routine. Ex-hostages find themselves scrutinizing faces on the street, the bus, the elevators, Blacks with exotic beards and headgear are given a wide berth, and some ex-hostages talk about being uncomfortable in Black company. "I am ashamed of myself," says one woman in her late 20s, "because it is unfair and because so many of my fellow-hostages were Black. But I get nervous and think of the



Ex-hostage Harold Brenner, describing his ordeal to the press.



The hostages freed (above) after their siege on the 8th floor, (below).



Hanafis in any public place crowded with Blacks."

WILL IT happen again? The question is asked of policemen who now check into the B'nai Brith building several times a day. B'nai Brith management is under great pressure to tighten up security. Scenarios who argue that there is no security from a band of heavily armed men are interrupted in mid-sentence, and the point is made over and over again — and accepted by B'nai Brith leaders throughout the country — that no expense, no effort should be spared to prevent another attack.

There are assurances from the police and B'nai Brith management, but ex-hostages want more of them. Besides the most up-to-date electronic devices and armed guards, ex-hostages ask for emotional reassurances from whoever can be considered an expert in these matters as well as from friends. "Convince me that it won't happen again," a recent plea went from one ex-hostage to another, known for his optimistic disposition. "Tell me that it was a freak phenomenon that won't happen to us again."

There is no indication of any identification with the aggressor — a symptom recorded in other situations of terror. But there is much criticism of those who have any power or authority.

Management policy of calling on people to return to normal is resented. "Next time I hear the phrase 'Let's get back to work, I'll punch the person on the nose,'" said a young employee after one of several bomb scares and a temporary evacuation of the building.

B'nai Brith's top executives happened to be out of their offices the morning the Hanafis struck. While their absence was understandable — they were invited to a reception to honour Israel's Prime Minister on a visit to Washington — a great deal of anger has been directed against them simply because they were not there. Ex-hostages freely acknowledge that the hostility is not reasonable and that it makes no sense blaming people for not being around to be captured. Yet the feelings persist and surface in snide remarks and in charges of lack of warmth towards, and lack of understanding for, ex-hostages.

It is quite clear who was held hostage and who was not. There are two groups, and in a building where more than 200 people work, each hostage is aware of who belongs to which group. Among the ex-hostages, there is a strong feeling of having shared something momentous and, particularly among those who lay close to one another on the concrete floor, a new camaraderie was born. The day people returned to work — the Monday or Tuesday after the Friday morning of liberation — the reunions were emotional, with embraces and kisses and tears, even among those who had barely known each other before the attack.

Those who escaped capture have developed what one wife has called "hostage envy." Another wit, the popular humorist of the building, was also absent. He now

says that on his tombstone it will be engraved: "Here lies the Goldberg who was not there — he had a stomach-ache that day." But the humor is seldom appreciated — the matter is just too serious, too painful. And non-hostages know better than to indulge in gallows humor when ex-hostages are around. Strong guilt feelings persist



Besieged Islamic Moslems.



Headliner Hammas Abdul Khamis

among the non-hostages, and many of them have reported the same problems as ex-hostages, particularly nervous tension and violent nightmares. There were harsh words exchanged and tears shed when five non-hostages were told on one occasion that they could not join one of the group therapy sessions B'nai Brith offered to employees having psychological problems after the siege. "We too suffered," was the non-hostage argument. "We identified with the hostages more than we can imagine. In a way, we too were there, with them."

Mental health professionals, asked by B'nai Brith to help, have been outfoxed too. One psychiatrist has been characterized as "very smart" — but he doesn't understand us. He doesn't know what we, hostages, have gone through. He cannot get into our heads.

Much like former inmates of

concentration camps, ex-hostages feel that their ordeal was unique and people who have not undergone it cannot know "what it's really like."

The sharpest condemnation of the powerful is reserved for the news media, which gave the siege front-page, prime-time, 24-hour-a-day coverage. The news media were the other enemy, it is felt, because they sensationalized and commercialized the drama and because some of the reporting left the public with the impression that the gunmen had been gentle and compassionate.

The newsmen were not concerned with human life, the charge is made again and again; they were after blood and profit; the sicker the story the better. Had there been one decapitation, press interest would have been even greater.

Ex-hostages — and their families — complain alternately of excessive and insufficient coverage. For those who spoke to the press or appeared on TV, the opportunity to tell the story had a therapeutic effect. But, as one of those interviewed put it, "Once the public's attention flags, you are left alone with your nightmares."

A minority of ex-hostages say that they have heard more than enough on the subject of the siege. "I don't want to be a hostage till the year 2000," snapped one woman. Then she went on talking about the subject for an hour.

For those over 40 — and particularly among those over 50 — loss of dignity is the experience singled out as the most painful to recall. "We became like sheep. They could do with us whatever they wanted," one person, a typist, remembers. "They treated us as if we were objects, things," a Ph.D. says, his hands covering his eyes and forehead. "Those bastards!"

Hostages in their 20s and 30s dismiss humiliation as irrelevant. They are more likely to talk about their hopelessness and the absurdity of their predicament. Being at the mercy of people with guns and not being able to influence their decisions in any way are cited as the worst memories to live with.

A puzzling post-siege phenomenon is the large number of illnesses among the immediate families of ex-hostages — as well as non-hostages.

DID THE TRAUMA really change people?

Some ex-hostages argue that they have not changed. "Oh, I am about the same — perhaps a little worse," is a common observation. One career woman in her early 50s says she was appalled to discover that her children had so much confidence in her that they were sure she would come out alive. "But I am not as steady and tough as a rock. I wasn't that before the attack and I am not now. I wish my children learned that."

Like other survivors of terror, ex-hostages from the B'nai Brith building have lost a very basic sense of confidence in the world. The loss is both concrete and metaphorical — it is between a deep awareness of the fragility of everyday life and a gnawing presentiment of catastrophe. In its darkest hour, the feeling is a bitter fatalism similar to what some thinkers in the 1950s suggested would be the effect of "living under the shadow of the Bomb." It stems from a consciousness that perceives the improbable, the absurd and the unthinkable as just around the corner.

"Is that so"?



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مذكرات من الأصل

AMERICAN WOMEN'S ORT

24th BIENNIAL NATIONAL CONVENTION

WOMEN'S AMERICAN ORT: Fifty Golden Years... Fifty Golden Links...

Women's American ORT, the largest of organizations in forty nations supporting the global ORT (Organization for Rehabilitation through Training) through Training programme of vocational education and training, observes the 50th anniversary of its founding this month its 24th Biennial National Convention, a "Golden Jubilee" celebration, which will be attended by over 1500 delegates as well as hundreds of guests and friends from all

over the United States, will be held in Jerusalem, October 23-28.

Women's American ORT, whose work in support of the worldwide ORT vocational network of 700 schools in 22 countries on five continents, and efforts on behalf of quality education in the U.S., have been lauded by statesmen, educators, labour leaders and civic officials around the world. The organization was founded in Brooklyn in 1927. The original nucleus was organized by a

group primarily composed of women who had either seen the vocational programme of ORT in operation in Europe or whose husbands were active in the American ORT Federation. The first Honorary President of WAO was Mrs Albert Einstein.

Keeping pace with the increasing technologizing of the world's economies, the ORT network grows as Women's American ORT spreads rapidly

throughout the United States. In 1950, WAO had about 10,000 members, primarily in the northeast, the middle west and on the west coast. Today, Women's American ORT numbers 135,000 members in 1055 chapters from coast to coast.

The group is represented in every large and intermediate sized city in the country and in many smaller communities.

In addition to the organization's substantial financial support of the global ORT network and vigorous educational activities, WAO has, over the five decades of its existence, set its own unique stamp on the ORT programme. Because of its emphasis on the "social role" of ORT, the primarily high-school oriented programme was expanded to include those who lacked educational prerequisites. Thus, in

North Africa and in several underdeveloped countries, apprenticeship and even pre-apprenticeship courses were established. Because of Women's American ORT's efforts, the "American presence" of ORT was established, as the organization offered ORT's nearly century-old expertise to local, state and federal governments.

Many of the outstanding schools in the ORT network were totally or partially financed by Women's American ORT. They include the Aron Syngelowski Center in Tel Aviv, the Jeannette Geyl Center in Haifa, the John F. Kennedy Apprenticeship Center in Jerusalem, the Lyon School in Lyon, France, and most recently, the renowned ORT School of Engineering on the campus of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

The need for quality occupational and vocational training has become more important than ever. Knowledge of a special skill or trade is essential to gaining and maintaining satisfying employment in our complex modern society.

"Your members can take pride in the role of your organization's vocational and technical schools in teaching workers job-related skills. Your schools have offered hope and opportunity to those who have been uprooted by providing them with useful knowledge and expertise to enable them to live happier, more productive lives. For this you have won the gratitude of all who are familiar with your efforts and earned a special place of honor and respect among the world's humanitarian organizations."

President Jimmy Carter



Mrs. RUTH EISENBERG
National President
Women's American ORT



Mrs. BEVERLY MINKOFF
Chairman, National
Executive Committee WAO



Mr. NATHAN GOULD
National Executive Director,
Executive Vice-President WAO



Ambassador CHAIM HERZOG
President
ORT Israel



Mrs. DVORA TOMER
President
Women's Israel ORT



Mr. JOSEPH HARNATZ
Director-General
ORT ISRAEL

"We shall assemble in Jerusalem to examine the issues in Jewish life, to cull lessons from experiences, and to blueprint our plans, to play our distinctive part in facing and meeting the challenges of our day. With pride in our accomplishments, with infinite devotion to our people we face the future with conviction and supreme confidence."

From the Convention Call

"Your gathering marks the 50th anniversary of the founding of your organization. It is indeed a landmark of achievement. It commemorates the work of a great Jewish movement that has done so much for our people. Israel is a better and stronger society because of what ORT has done for so many of our youth. Evidence of your selfless dedication is to be found in the numerous training institutions which ORT has established in the Jewish State. May you go from strength to strength in expanding a human enterprise that reflects the best of our Jewish heritage, faith and unity."

Prime Minister Menachem Begin

Presented as an advertisement by the public relations department of ORT Israel.

WORLD ORT NETWORK

ORT (Organization for Rehabilitation through Training) is the world's largest non-governmental vocational training programme. Begun in 1880, ORT has thus far trained more than a million people, providing them with the modern skills which have proven "passports" to independence, security and human dignity. Today, ORT operates some 700 vocational installations in 22 countries on five continents. More than 70,000 students are enrolled annually in skills that range from carpentry, secretarial skills, paramedical skills, welding and electricity to fashion design, telecommunications, avionics and computer repair. ORT is a multi-levelled, many-faceted system which includes apprenticeship centers, factory schools, junior high school programmes, vocational and technical high schools, institutes for teachers, managerial and supervisory training and technical junior colleges. (Its major emphasis is on the four-year high school.) The superb caliber of ORT training, the flexibility and fluidity of its curricula, the boldness and ingenuity of its pioneering pedagogic ventures are known and prized throughout the world.

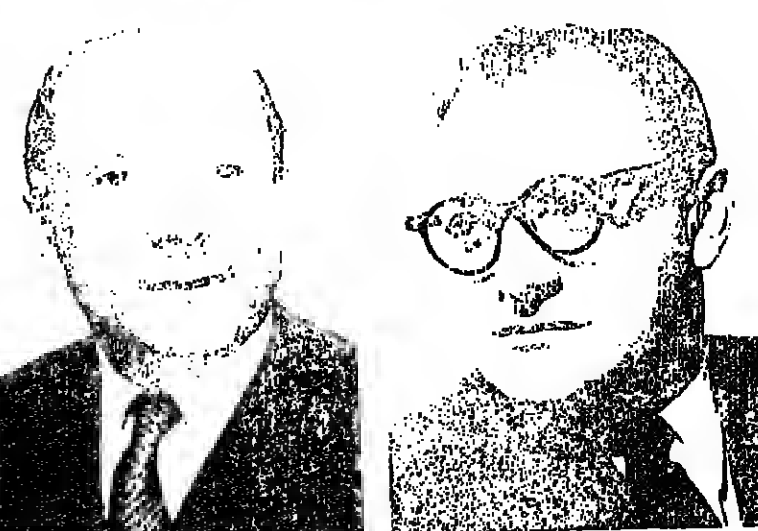
The ORT ISRAEL network of vocational and technical training centers has grown in 29 years from one school to 88 modern institutions. Among them are:

- Technical Colleges
 - Technical and Vocational High Schools
 - Apprenticeship Centers
 - Factory Schools
 - Vocational Centers in Yeshivot and Kibbutzim
 - Adult Training
 - Special Courses for foreign students
- This year's enrolment reached 49,000. Since the beginning of its activities in 1949, 148,000 students graduated from ORT ISRAEL institutions.

- DATA — SCHOOL YEAR 1977/78
- 8 Technical Colleges
 - 30 Technical and Vocational High Schools
 - 9 Pre-vocational Schools and Junior High Schools
 - 8 Apprenticeship Centers
 - 16 Factory Schools
 - 11 Vocational Schools associated with Yeshivot and other subsidized institutions
 - 4 Adult (training and proficiency courses).



India: a secretarial course at the ORT Girl's School in Bombay.



Dr. WILLIAM HABER
President Central Board
World ORT Union

Mr. DANIEL MAYER
Chairman Executive Committee
World ORT Union

Mr. MAX BRAUDE
Director General
World ORT Union



Mrs. GERT WHITE
Convention Co-Chairman



Mrs. REESE FELDMAN
Convention Co-Chairman



Mrs. CLAIRE PYSER
Convention Ass. Chairman



France: This young woman, a student at ORT's Montreuil Center, is one of a growing number of girls and women learning drafting and industrial design.



Mrs. FLORENCE DOLOWITZ
Honorary President WAO



Israel: Computer training course at the Syngelowski ORT Technical Junior College in Tel Aviv.

Presented as an advertisement by the public relations department of ORT Israel.

ORT ISRAEL is a non-profit organization and its activities are not for profit.

هكذا من الأصل

ASSIGNMENT ABU GHOSH

A photographic essay on the village and its inhabitants,
by Hadassah Community College students. Text by Ruth Connell Robertson.



THE PEOPLE of Abu Ghosh were very much opposed to the idea of a band of young men and women from Jerusalem wandering around photographing them and their village, and the *mukhtar* — the headman — only gave permission for the exercise on condition that they did not try to go inside the houses. But it was not long before the 20 or so students from the Hadassah Community College's department of photography had won enough trust to be invited to take pictures inside the homes of their hosts.

It was the students themselves who chose this hillside village west of the capital, as the subject of their end-of-year project. It appealed to them more than any other ideas put forward by department head Ephraim Degani and lecturer Yossif Colman.

The fact that they could talk in all the villagers in Hebrew made it easier to break the ice than anyone feared, and by the time the photographers had visited Abu Ghosh two or three times a week over a period of three weeks, they were on friendly terms with many of the 2,000 inhabitants. This is the first year that the Hadassah College course has branched out into creative photography. Until now, the two-year course has been confined to technical and scientific photography. Many of the students — most of them post-army service — had never held a camera in their hands before they started the course, and many of them discovered during the year that they had a leaning towards illustrative photography.

Degani is hoping that the course — the only one in photography recognized by the Ministry of Labour — will now be extended to three years. He looks on it as a medium for training young men and women not merely for a career but for a full life as citizens. "Assignment Abu Ghosh" was certainly a step in that direction. □



POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All performances are in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

GOO AND MAOOU — Musical satire written by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Nola Chilton. Music by Yoni Rechter. (Binyani Theatre, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

HERE IS YOUR LUNCH SIR — Improvisations by the Jerusalem Drama Workshop. (In English.) With audience participation. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

IN THE PRIME OF HER LIFE — The Khan Theatre's adaptation of the story by S.Y. Agnon. Directed by Michal Osvin. (Khan, opposite railway station, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MARATHON — A *four de jure* play by French playwright Claude Couteau, about three men actually running a marathon race. Under the brilliant direction of Belgian Jonathan Morzer, with the Khan end of three actually running for about two hours. (Khan, opposite railway station, Saturday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THEATRE GAMES — Improvisational show in which the technical, behind-the-curtain activities become the centre-stage performance. With Israel Gurion and others. (Khan, opposite railway station, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

TWELFTH NIGHT — Shakespeare's play translated by Ehud Manor. Produced by the Berekha Theatre. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

AND THE RUOED SHALL BE MADE LEVEL — S.Y. Agnon's satirical tale of a pious man who sinned and caused others to sin in a stage adaptation by Yoram Folk which is far from doing justice to a masterpiece of literature. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DEEP WATER — Haimin production by Haimin Theatre. Directed by Amri Nitzan. Attempts to enter the lives of a group of youth who are at once the products of their society and at variance with it. (Haimin's Small Hall, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE EMIGRANTS — A bitter satirical story of two emigrants from a communist country, a peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

FLOWERS FOR A WHITE MOUSE — Screen fiction monodrama of a retarded man who becomes a genius after an experimental brain operation. With Haimin actor Alex Paley. Adapted and translated by Ezer Meir. (ZOA House, 2 Daniel Frisch, tonight at 11 and Saturday at 8 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

EVUNING OF JAZZ — With Mel Koller, Aaron Kaminsky, Victor Fomarov, Pargod Pocket Theatre, 54 Bessal, Wednesday at 9 p.m.

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — The Hore dance group (Khan, opposite railway station, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

FOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical based on the Book of Ruth. (In English.) (Y.M.C.A., Saturday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

CHOCOLATE, MINTA, MASTIK — In their new show "The First Night" written by Ehud Manor. (Tel Aviv Theatre, 30 Ibn Ovirol, tonight at 9.30 and 11.30 p.m.; Tel Aviv Theatre, 30 Ibn Ovirol, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — Sings songs and plays her guitar. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

IN A PANIC — Written by Shimon Israeli. (Tel Aviv Theatre, 30 Ibn Ovirol, Saturday at 7.30 and 9.45 p.m.; Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

A MAN WITHIN HIMSELF — Comedy starring Shalom Haimov and his group. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tonight at 9 p.m.)

FOUR WOMEN — By the Haimin Theatre. (Haimin's Small Hall, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOO AND MAOOU — (Tzavta, 38 King George, Thursday at 8.30 and 9.45 p.m.)

JULIUS CAESAR — Shakespeare's play produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE LOTTERY TICKET — Based on short stories by Chekov and Guy de Maupassant. (Tzavta, 38 King George, today at 9 p.m.)

MOMENTS — Haimin Theatre's production of Nathan Alterman's musical play about Little Tel Aviv of the '20s. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE NAME BEFORE THE MAN — New Haimin production. (Haimin's Large Hall, Saturday at 7 and 8.30 p.m.; Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

NEW YEAR '78 — The Haimin Theatre's production of the play written by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Nola Chilton. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE NIGHT OF THE TWENTIETH — The Haimin Theatre's play about the origin of the *halutzim*. Tenor drama, beautifully staged by Nola Chilton. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

STATUS QUO VAGIS '77 — Written by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Ehud Manor. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about World War II profiteers. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 80 Pevsaur Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

GOO AND MAOOU — (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 80 Pevsaur, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE MURDER OF FIERROT IN THE KHALI BOHOL — Quasi Commedia dell'Arto by the Berekha Theatre. Quotations present-day educational approach. (Shavit, 3 Haporti, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

ALL MY SONS — (Baram, Monday at 8 p.m.; Nahariya, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

AND THE RUOED SHALL BE MADE LEVEL — (Kiryat Haim, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

ANQORRA — Berekha Theatre's production of the play by Max Frisch. (8.30 p.m.)

MARATHON — (Arad, Sunday; Mitzpa Ronon, Wednesday)

MATTI CAFFI — With his percussion orchestra. (Tzavta 38 King George, Saturday at 8.30 and 10.30 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFEN — "Living-room chat." (Tzavta, 38 King George, Sunday and Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

KARUSSEL DER ZEIT — Pradit Durro in a new cabaret show. (Rothschild Centre, tonight at 8.30)

Other Towns

EVENING WITH ARIK LAVIE — (Ofakim, tonight at 8; Beit Shimon, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

HAOASHASH HAHIVER — The comedy trio in a musical programme of political satire. (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 9.30; Givatayim, Shavit, Tuesday at 9.15; (Gen Shimon, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

IN A PANIC — (Kiryat Haim, Savyon, tonight at 8.30; Fardes Hanna, Dekel, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Rishon Lezion, Tiferet, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

KARUSSEL DER ZEIT — (Ramat Gan, Saturday at 7.30 p.m.)



Jack Lemmon as music-hall crooner in 'The Entertainer'... illusions about a dying genre.

MUSIC

All programmes are at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

CHAMBER MUSIC — Bach and Beethoven. Uri Shoham, flute, David Chen, violin Hanoch Orenfeldt, piano. (Khan, opposite railway station, Sunday)

ROMANTIC MUSIC — Works by Bach, Handel and others. Chila Grossmayer, soprano, Aris Zacks, piano, Paul Schlosman, oboe. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Sunday)

ORAN RECITAL — With Zvi Menikoff. Admission free. (YMCA, Saturday at 11.30 a.m.)

ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Light Classical music series. Subscription concert No. 7, Eduardo Mata, conducting, with Leonard Ross, cello; Rovnallia, Bananaya; Elgar, Cello Concerto; Dvorak, Symphony No. 8. (Mann Auditorium, Series 1, Monday; Series 2, Tuesday; Series 3, Wednesday; Series 4, Thursday.)

PIANO RECITAL — Amir Rigel, Bach, Tocatta and Fugue in G Minor; Beethoven, Sonata in D Major, Op. 28; Etude in Symphonies Op. 13; Ostinato: The Benjo — Souvenir de Puerto Rico; Miller: Impromptu in B flat Minor; Ben-Haim, pastorella, Capriccio Allato Toccati; Chopin, Etude in G Sharp Minor Op. 25, Polonaise in F Sharp Minor, Op. 44. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Saturday at 11.11 a.m.)

FILMS IN BRIEF

ANNIE HALL — Woody Allen's latest and most personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags. Stars Woody Allen as comedian Alvy Singer and Diane Keaton as Anole Hall.

BLACK SUNDAY — Plus the Shin Bet and Post Office's \$100,000 reward to anyone who can identify the man in the annual Super Bowl football game in Miami.

BUOY MALONE — Gangster film with a difference: all the stars are children. Yet suitable for all the family. Stars Jodie Foster (Taxi Driver), Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane).

THE CASSANDRA CROSSING — A train carrying Sophie Loren, Richard Harris, Ava Gardner, Lee Remick, Marvin Shoen and a contagious disease is diverted to a richly bridge in Poland by Bert Lencaster and Dr. Ingrid Thulin. Director George P. Cosmatos takes us far a tension-filled multi-million-dollar ride.

THE DUTY DARKEN — Based on the action-packed film in which a dozen tough American criminals are sent on a mission to Nazi-occupied Europe.

FIRE — A hoodlum tosses a lit cigarette into the dry underbrush, a forest goes up in flames and the inhabitants of a small lumber town struggle their way to survival.

OPERA

THE ISRAELI NATIONAL OPERA — Producer: Edla de-Philipe, Conductors: Alexander Tereh, Ariah Levanon, Thomas Greago Pullar.

RUOBNE DNEGIN — By Tchaikovsky, with Walter Plante, Harrison Byke, William Road, Richard Shapp, Susan Eichberger, Victoria Pop, Margaret Pearlman, Sheldon Pina. (Tel Aviv, Saturday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

FILMS — THE GREAT GALLOON ESCAPE (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.) (Carillon festival) No. 8 (Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

DANCE

RUTH EBHEL — Abstract dances and improvisations. (Jerusalem, Israel Museum, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

For last-minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.

Gritty shop talk

Catherine Rosenheimer

WAKING UP in the sound of the first real rain of the season earlier this week, my thoughts turned to blocked gutters, the possibility of a leaking roof, windows that might have been left open... and winter knits. Several companies have launched their new winter collections, and some of their new styles already are finding their way into the shops.

First off the mark was Tricoll, a company set up four years ago by a French immigrant couple, Victor and Milla Getzel, together with an Israeli partner, Asher Shalom. A vertical knitwear

plant, they specialize in a wide range of cotton and cotton-blend T-shirts and T-shirt dresses in summer. Their latest autumn-winter range consists of cotton-polyester and Aerilan tops, not heavier wool and Aerilan knits for winter proper.

The company's marketing is fast, direct from factory to shop, with buyers purchasing on an immediate delivery basis, shopowners making their own selection from some 70 designs held in stock, rather than the lengthier process of placing orders for future delivery.

The Tricoll line is young in styling, this season's colour range concentrating on black, white,



Helen Knits

flame red, camel, kingfisher blue, green and all-white. There are crocheted, beaded and shaggy textures. There are few plain sweaters; uni-coloured ones feature tucks, appliques and lines. Others are partially striped and embellished with flowers or beads.

And the new season's prices? Mid-season knits from IL150, medium weight sweaters from IL210, and thick knits from IL250. Helen Knits is an old established knitwear firm, which switched from "haute" to a more young, fashionable line some four years ago, when the younger generation entered the family firm. They say that their new collection is designed in accordance with the latest Paris line: wide, high and thick, interpreted in a sporty vein, in combinations of wool/Aerilan, angora/Aerilan and

modest Aerilan. There are thick, hand-knit look polo sweaters elongated into dresses — surprisingly short in comparison to previous seasons. Sand, red, broken white and black are popular in this range too, as well as bright folklore colours and lurid, irregular stripes in combinations of neutral colours are popular, as are jacquards, with particular stress on irregular geometric patterns. The line is planned on "modular" lines, with groups of sweaters, cardigans, dresses and skirts in patterns and teaming plains, so that each customer can assemble a two, three or even four-piece outfit to her own taste. Helen Knits dresses start at IL750 and two-pieces, many of which feature a big awastar with leg hugging, knitted pants, are between IL750 and IL900. □

TEL AVIV

JERUSALEM

An Evening with Mike Burstyn at the Cave

By NOAH HALPERIN

In his great programme, Mike Burstyn sings "We've come back to you again" (Hizanu elayeh sheini).

And in fact Mike Burstyn has again come back to the Cave nightclub, to exploding his fondness for appearing at this exclusive club, a club whose service and clientele put it on an international level, Mike says, "I had returned from an overseas tour, and had hardly put my suitcase down when the phone rang. It was Didi, owner of the Cave. And, well, here I am back at the Cave."

I asked him "You have done so many things in your career as an entertainer. How do you describe yourself today, say, as a radio performer?" Mike: "Actor, comedian, singer, I like all roles." He smiled warmly, satisfied with his just completed appearance, which had made a great hit.

Mike Burstyn is 32. He started his career at the age of 7. The result of this early start is obvious in his performance. He plays to a tourist audience. They pay close attention to his turn, which is almost unique on the Israeli stage. His professionalism is complete. He knows how to hold an audience.

And the audience loves him. Every joke is greeted with a roar of laughter. Evidence of his being a real artist can be seen in the way he puts over an evening of entertainment. His humour, visual, oratory, movement and song. Yes, Mike Burstyn is a singing star. This nostalgic song is accompanied by some genuine Zionism; and it all fits in well in his rich programme.

"Here at the Cave, I really feel good," says Mike. "I feel as if I'm appearing at my own home."

"They make you feel at home here," he continued. "An artist must be a technician. Everything you do on the stage is carefully thought out. Everything is worked out with amazing precision, to keep the audience with you. It's a bad moment if you feel you've lost the audience. But at the Cave, Mike doesn't lose his audience for a moment. And they won't let him go when he completes his act."

His programme is made up of songs and patter. The nostalgia goes well with the candlelight — nostalgia evoked by songs such as "The Flames of the Bonfire," and continued with his hits of the Six Day War — "Sharm el-Sheikh," "Jerusalem the Golden," this song that has become the symbol of the Yom Kippur War, "Lu Yehi," and many more.

The audience's enjoyment of his performance, given from the heart, is obvious in their eyes. You feel that Mike loves his audience, that he wants them to enjoy themselves to the utmost. This time has come for him really to talk his songs. "Now I can eat," he says. But the audience at the Cave have had their fill of his rich, varied programme.

The lights are slowly lowered, but his programme echoes on.



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(Left) "Pastrychef" Alex Klatohkin and Oshim Ohoua sample the fruits of their labour. Tadmor Hotel Mushpach, Avraham Goldstein (centre), takes a good natured view of the activities. (Right) Moshe Ascona, alias Max the Butcher, spends the morning trimming and cubing ten kilos of stew meat. (Photographs by Lester J. Millman.)

HABIMAH GOES TO POTS

The national theatre cooks up some authenticity for its coming production of "The Kitchen." CATHERINE ROSENHEIMER reports.

HOW MANY cooks are too many cooks? Or put it in different way: Can 15 Habimah actors spoil the broth?

I sampled the onion soup made by some of them recently... and it wasn't bad at all, with a professional-looking licent-shaped cruston floating in its midst.

The "hopping" in the Tadmor's main kitchen would have been enough to drive the average, tyro, temperamental chef completely berserk. Fortunately, the Tadmor's master chefs are thoroughly reasonable, patient and exceedingly helpful, and were my ready to cooperate when they heard of Omri Nitzan's forthcoming production of the Arad Weaker classic of the late 1930s, *The Kitchen*.

Tadmor Hotel School director Moshe Cohen, chief chef Yitzhak Katz and master pastry cook Uri Wohl found the Habimah team very promising students... very quick on the uptake... their theatre movement techniques help, of course, they're very active and it's a pleasure to work with them. It's a pity they're only here for such a short time — we could have made first rate chefs out of some of them!

After a week's training at the school, the national theatre's performers can probably claim to be the best trained chefs at Habimah — and doubtless the best actors at the Tadmor School. ("It's not half so much fun here normally," commented one of the bona fide hotel school students — though as they were all identically kitted out in chef's hats and overall it was hard to tell one from the other. "These actors have a good time," he added wistfully.)

The Tadmor gave Habimah a free run, gratis, of their main kitchen, including all their senior teachers, equipment, raw materials and services, for an entire week. "And what's more, we thoroughly enjoyed the experience," says Katz. "Of course you can turn anyone into a chef — after all, that's what we're doing here all the time. Our students come to us from jobs in factories, carpentry workshops and an amazing variety of backgrounds."

As a professional chef, what was his opinion of the play? "Very good, very true to life. Weaker's characters are precisely the same mix of people you find in any restaurant or hotel, in Israel or abroad."

In *The Kitchen* set in an English restaurant, the characters are English, German, Irish, Cypriot and Italian, Jew, Protestant and Catholic. In the Habimah production, the actors are, in real life, a mixture in origin, including Rumanian, Iraqi, Moroccan, Russian, German, English and American.

OMRI NITZAN had few problems in selecting a cast of 11 actresses and 18 actors from Habimah's regular troupe. "The play is essentially a present day Tower of Babel — and at Habimah we have the right cross-section of types to suit it. The technical side of it — what we are learning here at the Tadmor — is a very important factor for the authenticity of background of the whole production. The real work — the building of the characters and their relationships — is still ahead of us."

Just as the Tadmor staff was highly cooperative, Omri found an incredibly positive reaction during what he calls his *Alta Zechan* campaign, borrowing commercial kitchen and canteen equipment from numerous kibbutzim, ment from numerous kibbutzim, factories and hotels. Set designer

WESKER himself, born in the East End of London in 1932 to

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ELI SINAI was advised by a professional kitchen architect on the layout of the stage, where props include everything from full-size gas ranges and quarter-ton hotel mixers to every type of pot, pan and utensil. The "musical" background of the play is provided here by the whirring of mixers, and the sounds of chopping, whistling, hacking, peeling and scraping.

Prior to the start of rehearsals, Nitzan had a six-hour working lunch with Weaker himself, in London. "He has the warmest of Jewish homes, and strong sentiments for Israel. I was flattered that, despite the fact that *The Kitchen* has been produced all over the world, the Israeli production was so important to him."

Before we met he had made thorough enquiries about me, and all the principal actors. He asked me to explain exactly how we had translated particular, difficult passages of the play — basically very similar — the question of various dialects and how they would be expressed in Hebrew, as well as one of Weaker's underlying themes in the play, the German-Jewish problem, presented in the form of the close friendship between a German chef and a Jewish waitress.

"I also had some doubts as to Weaker's definitive instruction that no food be used at all in the play, merely mimed actions — and he convinced me, from his own experience, of the impracticability of some of my ideas. He hopes to accept our invitation to attend the premiere in December."

BACK IN THE Tadmor kitchen, on the closing day of the course, Nitzan took over the chef's

rostrum to direct a full scale professional kitchen architect on the layout of the stage, where props include everything from full-size gas ranges and quarter-ton hotel mixers to every type of pot, pan and utensil. The "musical" background of the play is provided here by the whirring of mixers, and the sounds of chopping, whistling, hacking, peeling and scraping.

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מגזין האוכל

Sherringford who?

CONAN DOYLE, A Biographical Sketch, by Ronald Pearson. London, Widenfeld & Nicolson, 208 pp. £5.95.

Wim van Leer

WHATEVER prompted Mr. Pearson to write a biography of Conan Doyle (1869-1958) it surely was not love for his chosen subject. It could be that, Victorian themes being his speciality, he wanted to erect for our edification and delight a monument of Victorian stiffness, morality and utter respectability. In this he has succeeded, even if the going is hard. And there it stands.

Young Arthur's Catholic, genteel-parents (erected little finger on the cup of tea to wash down the kippers) send him to be educated by the Jesuits at Stonyhurst. A hardy little fellow, he survives the loveless methodology of this minor Victorian public school, emerging with the usual deformities.

Next, he trains for and enters that most respectable of professions, medicine. We find him in practice as the junior partner of a Plymouth doctor — whose chemotherapy (erected) repertoire consists of a pink, a blue and a green fluid doled out to all comers, not necessarily in that order — at £2 a week. This leads to a position on a whaler (£2.10 a week plus 3/- per ton "oil money").

But Doyle, a man of great curiosity and imagination, has acquired the addiction of the lonely: he is a voracious if indiscriminate reader (the university library had restricted him to two books a day).

He sets up practice in Southsea, marries a sweet and gentle girl, Louise, joins the local cricket club and spiritualist circle, making

himself socially useful. His first year brings in £154 and he decides to supplement his income by writing, mainly adventure stories for *All Year Round* and *The Boy's Own Paper*, which are to net him another £50.

The big breakthrough comes when the prestigious *Cornhill Magazine* accepts a yarn based on the story of the *Marie Celeste*. "This proved to be a flash in the pan, as further effusions from his pen were returned, the writing being so notoriously bad that Doyle had difficulty getting the gist of the editor's rejection."

Further novels follow with monotonous regularity, as do the rejection slips. A stable home-life and a growing practice (£250 the second, and £300 the third year) serve to soothe the wounded ego of Doyle, the author.

CHANCE READING of a detective story prompts him to try his hand. Entitled *A Tangled Skein*, with Sherringford Holmes as the master-detective and Ormond Sacher as the narrator/sidekick, it is returned by the editor for rewriting and becomes *A Study in Scarlet*; Sherringford becomes Sherlock and Ormond Sacher becomes Dr. John Watson.

It was the first of the 51 stories and four novels devoted to Holmes, of which *The Hound of the Baskervilles* is probably the best known. Whatever can be said of the quality of Doyle's writing, no one can take issue with the quantity. Eight historical novels, 39 works on as varied a range of subjects as Divorce Law reform, the curse of Eve, science-fiction (*The Lost World*) and jingo calls-to-arms during the Boer War and World War I, plus a biography, all tracelessly sunk in the quagmire of litterature.

But, in spite of his detractors'



opinions, all agreed with the readers of the *Strand Magazine*, in which Holmes was serialized, that Doyle "could spin a crackling good yarn." Popularity brought affluence and affluence approbation in the form of a knighthood, the "nod of approval from the Establishment, taking into its bosom one of its own." And the yarns kept on crackling.

Today Conan Doyle is no longer read, yet hardly a year passes without the sleuth of Baker Street appearing on our screens, large and small. He should be of interest to social-historians as a typical example of a period when Man glorified in his own image as an "animal of reason." Observation, deduction, action.

One example for Israeli consumption will suffice:

Watson: But if the butler is innocent, who murdered poor Mrs. Mazeltowsky?

Holmes: The man is a sham! Orthodox adherent of the Hebrew persuasion. The murder took place between 5.45 and 6.10 p.m. Watson: Holmes, you never fail to amaze me. How do you deduce all this?

Holmes: Elementary, my dear Watson. Observe the footprints. Side by side and superimposed, all 335 of them. This can only mean an Orthodox Jew at prayer. I believe it is called *shachkol*. Now the Jews are an officious race, ergo he would commit the murder at such a time as to enable him to

combine the prayer for the deceased, *addish* they call it, memory serves me right, with the evening prayer, or, as they say down the Mile End Road, between *Mincha* and *Ma'ariv*; to be precise, between 5.45 and 6.10.

Watson: But you said the murderer was only SHAM Orthodox!

Holmes: Elementary again, my dear Watson. The murder-weapon found stuck in Mrs. Mazeltowsky's back was a *milchedike* kitchen-knife.

WHAT THE howling patrol-carts to Kojak, reason is to Holmes. Footwork versus brainwork. Yet, for all his success, Doyle soon tired of Holmes and, in *The Final Problem*, he and his arch-enemy, Professor Moriarty, looked for mortal combat, tumble into the Reichenbach Falls.

There was a public outcry (the *Strand*, by that time, had a circulation of 300,000 — half of it through Doyle's labours). "Let's keep Holmes Alive" clubs were started, and black armbands worn. Soon Holmes was back sleuthing again, rising to new peaks of popularity. For Holmes by then was more than a crackling good yarn; he now represented the "eternal values" in a fast-changing society. The strong, silent Englishman, full of grit (defined on the halls as *The British Dustman*), suspicious of intellectuals, seeing in woman man's onerous-sapping distraction if not destruction, the war, sport, and danger-loving he-man (later known as the Hemingway syndrome) affirms, in the shadow of Oscar Wilde's trial, that "men were men. And Pansy was the name of a flower."

All was well with England. The Old Queen was on her throne. God was in His Heaven, and Sherlock Holmes, resplendent with deer-stalker, tweed cap and meerschaum pipe, alive and well and living at 221b Baker Street. And he still has visitors to prove it. □

Tragic mandarin

THE ORIGIN OF GERMAN TRAGIC DRAMA by Walter Benjamin, translated by John Osborne. With an introduction by George Steiner. London, NLB, 256 pp.

ROLF HOCHHUTH by Rainer Taeli, translated by R.W. Last. London, Oswald Wolff (Modern German Authors New Series, Vol. 5), 151 pp. £3.50.

Mendel Kohansky

WALTER BENJAMIN was one of that group of extraordinarily gifted young Jewish-German intellectuals of the early twenties which included Gershom Scholem, Hannah Arendt, and Theodor W. Adorno, all of whom were destined to achieve world fame. Unlike them Benjamin did not live long enough to realize his full potentialities: he committed suicide during an unsuccessful attempt to escape from Nazi-occupied France.

Hardly known and largely unappreciated in his lifetime, except by a very narrow circle of fellow intellectuals, unable to gain a foothold in the German academic world, Benjamin had to dissipate his talents on minor writings in order to earn a precarious living. He is now known chiefly as the

author of *The Origin of German Tragic Drama*, which he wrote in 1925, when he was 32. His only completed major work, it has been posthumously republished a number of times, together with his other writings.

In 1974, Benjamin's collected works were brought out with the collaboration of Adorno and Scholem (who also wrote a memoir entitled *Walter Benjamin — the Story of a Friendship*). Thus, more than three decades after his death, Benjamin achieved a measure of eminence in German letters. He is now generally considered to be the greatest German literary critic of this century, and his *Origin of German Tragic Drama* has become a classic.

THIS IS no book to relax with after a day's hard work. It was written as a *Habilitationsschrift*, the post-doctoral thesis required by the Byzantine procedures of the German academic world in order to obtain a teaching post at a university. Consequently the book employs the opaque, forbidding mandarin language meant to gladden the hearts of professors (it didn't; the faculty did not accept it, and Benjamin's academic career was nipped in the bud), and to this the English translation remains faithful. One needs special conditioning to be able to penetrate



the arcane, involved sentences with their plethora of multisyllabic words, to wade through pages whose unbroken lines lack the relief of a paragraph. Benjamin wrote about a largely unexplored, forgotten subject: the German baroque drama of the 17th century. With its torrential flow of rhymed, rhythmic language, this procession of historical pageants suffused with melancholia was probably the most turgid drama ever written. He was the first, perhaps the only one, to analyse this cultural

hoard, with its rich allegorical allusions, and to place it within the context of German *Geisteswissenschaft*, the exploration of the nation's philosophical history. George Steiner's rather extensive introduction considerably eases entry into the hermetic text, but is flawed by his customary gratuitous display of erudition.

ROLF HOCHHUTH is best known for his play *The Representative*, which caused a worldwide sensation in the early Sixties (it was

produced here by Habimah in 1963). In it, Hochhuth accused Pope Pius XII of refusing to make an attempt at rescuing Jews from the Nazis, for fear of antagonizing Hitler — an enemy of Bolshevism.

With another play, *Soldiers*, Hochhuth again caused a sensation by accusing Winston Churchill of complicity in the 1943 air crash which killed General Sikorski, head of Poland's government in exile. His third play, *Guerrillas*, was written against the background of the social unrest of the late Sixties. Mixing fact with fiction, real with invented characters, Hochhuth unfolded the story of social revolution in the United States.

Rainer Taeni's little book strikes one as a bit premature. Hochhuth is only 46, and his output so far has been rather meagre. And there is also the question whether he plays playwright to warrant such a book. Taeni's analysis of the plays does not convince the reader that they possess an intrinsic, lasting value. Hochhuth emerges here as a fighting writer who skillfully uses the stage as an instrument for arousing the conscience of the audience. At this he has been quite successful — which is no mean achievement.

An ironical note: In 1965, the notoriously anti-Nazi Hochhuth was awarded a literary prize bearing the name of Gerhard Hauptmann — a writer who shamelessly buckled under to the Nazi regime. □

In Williamsburg



THE HEART IS HALF A PROPHET by Ruth Tessler Goldstein. Macmillan, New York, 30 pp. \$6.95.

Sybil Zimmerman

THIS PROSAIC NARRATIVE is set in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, during the winter of 1936 and the spring of 1937. The book might be called a character study of the Hirsch family as seen through the eyes of the 11-year-old daughter, Esther. Esther is frail-looking but strong inside, and sees and remarkably understands all that is happening around her — in her family, on her block, in her neighbourhood.

Zalman Hirsch, the father, is "a shy, earthy man with a vigorous body and a rogues' eye" who advanced from being a Russian slowway to South America and then an immigrant to America to a wealthy property owner in New York — until the crash. Now he is a pious, poor, modern-day Hasid (he trims his beard and his wife does not wear a wig) whose only work is caretaker of a synagogue. For this he earns living quarters for his family. But he must frantically round up a minyan so the rabbi won't close down the synagogue.

Malka was once a Russian orphan with no dowry. Then Zalman married her, and she became a lady with a maid, fine clothes and a house. Now she moans the marriage she made without choice; she is self-sacrificing, suffering, resentful. She sees the husband she never liked or loved as a buffoon. She cries, she trembles, she moans a lot throughout the book. In between she cooks, sets out the food and calls her family to eat. She also lives in constant torment and conflict.

Lila, the 14-year-old daughter, is beautiful, growing up in the secular world, respectfully trying

to reconcile the gentle world she is exposed to with her religious upbringing and home life.

Ben is the rebellious teenage son whose character is never fully developed. He helps support the family, brings home presents for the girls and has had a long history of fights with his father because he is drawn away from the religion, will not become a rabbi and no longer goes to the mikva.

THE PLOT moves sluggishly from day to day as Esther relates the events of her neighbourhood — the tailor dying, a new family moving in, her activities in public school and Hebrew school, the many conflicts within herself as she tries to grow up, and the conflicts within her family as they try to exist.

The book is well written and I suspect it is somewhat autobiographical. Certainly the author has a good feeling for realistic descriptions of the people and their lives in this period and place. However, the pace is so smooth, even when something dramatic happens, that the reader is not stirred.

The thing that bothers me is that while these Jews are really a fringe element on the wrong side of the tracks, so to speak, of Williamsburg, the book gives an unattractive picture of the Orthodox religious aspects of their lives — a far cry from the kind of Jews written about, for example, in Chaim Potok's *The Promise*.

In general, the novel is disheartening. The characters are tragic but not in the classic sense of eliciting pity from the reader while remaining at a certain level of dignity. In their cases, one feels pity for them, as they feel it for themselves, but in such a way that makes them distasteful to read about. □

Is there an exorcist in the house?

THE GOLEM by Gustav Meyrink. New York, Dover, 412 pp. \$4.50.

YENNE VELL: The Great Works of Jewish Fantasy & Occult. Edited by Joachim Neugroschel. New York, Stonhill, 704 pp. \$25.

Howard Schwartz

THE PROLIFERATION of ghost stories and third-rate fantasies and supernatural mysteries often disguises the fact that there are classics in these categories. *The Golem* is the finest literary manifestation of that legend, so is Meyrink's novel the classic example of the works based on the legend of the Golem.

Like the legend of Lilith, the Golem story has continued to exert its fascination down the generations, and has become the subject of many literary endeavours. And as MacDonald's *Lilith* is the finest literary manifestation of that legend, so is Meyrink's novel the classic example of the works based on the legend of the Golem.

Using the Prague ghetto as his setting, as it was for the original legend attributed to Rabbi Judah Lowe, Meyrink wrote the first and finest expressionist novel, that has lost none of its power since it was originally published. Although hard to find in recent years, *The Golem* has been a favourite of connoisseurs of fantasy for many decades. Those readers, starved for new works of quality, will be delighted to learn of the two-volume collection of the classics of Jewish fantasy edited and translated by Joachim Neugroschel. The title, *Yenne Vell*, means "the other world" in Yiddish, the original language of the stories.

Neugroschel, who is among the

word *Emet* (truth) is inscribed on its forehead and the four-letter name of God, the Tetragrammaton, is inserted into its mouth. The original legends of the Golem justify this attempt by man to encroach on the realm of God by having the creature defend the Jewish ghetto from attempted pogroms.

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Similar use of the Jewish legend of the Golem was made by Gustav Meyrink in his novel, *The Golem*, first published in Germany in 1915. *The Golem* is a man-made man, constructed out of clay, and brought to life when the Hebrew

word *Emet* (truth) is inscribed on its forehead and the four-letter name of God, the Tetragrammaton, is inserted into its mouth. The original legends of the Golem justify this attempt by man to encroach on the realm of God by having the creature defend the Jewish ghetto from attempted pogroms.

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Morandi: genius of silence

Meir Ronnen

"The work of art becomes metaphysical language through the quality of its silence and experienced sensibility. The art in which silence has become the primary working force reaches its goal in means of space and form alone... unlike surrealism it can do without literary enclaves; the metamorphosis is invisible and the content is secret."

Jan Krupiec

GIORGIO MORANDI (1890-1964) was not only one of the true voices of silence, but one of the greatest artistic voices Italy ever produced. Like Alberto Giacometti, his contemporary, he was one of the most singular, personal artists of this century. Neither of them, however, had the slightest influence on the course of the development of modern art. Also, like Giacometti, Morandi had a deep interest in the interrelationship of things, colours, and sensations which approached the metaphysical. And, as with Giacometti, it was derived from concentrated intellectual observation in the manner of Cezanne, to whom both artists were indebted. Few 20th-century artists have been able to project this feeling of the metaphysical; one of them was the late American Jewish painter Mark Rothko.

Like that of Chardin, the great 18th century Frenchman, the name Morandi is synonymous with "still-life." The greater part of his oeuvre is made up of a few bottles, vases and boxes on a table-top; a few flower pieces; and occasional landscapes. The table-top objects are tied together, (they huddle together almost as a family) by an intricate relationship of contour, modelling and colour; and the groupings form other areas, or series of areas, that relate to the space they inhabit. No matter how freely painted, even casual, they may appear, all the compositions conform to geometric triangulation or the rules of the golden section. Many of them also parallel the compositional reduction of Albore, Diller and Newman.

Unfortunately, the Israel Museum possesses only one oil by Morandi. But it is now displaying a marvellous loan show, made possible through our bilateral ties with Italy, of a unique collection of five decades of etchings by Morandi, ranging from 1913 to 1966. The etchings, the only set extant, form one of the most quietly beautiful exhibitions ever to grace the Museum.

Like Giacometti, Morandi sometimes made etching as studios for bigger works, but all of them are an art in themselves. While more rigid than the paintings, they more readily yield up the secrets of space and form as defined by Cezanne, with Morandi using perfectly controlled hatching and cross-hatching to depict a light and shade that reveals modelling or related depth, rather than just defining the object as a bottle or box. The image materializes out of the situation, which remains a controlled composition.

"That still life could become the object of philosophical contemplation," Morandi learned from both Chardin and Cezanne. From

Cezanne and Corot he learned how to see the whole instead of the trees; and the true instead of the leaves; and to organize a landscape as a golden section (Corot) and as a series of interlocking planes (Cezanne). Early on, one can detect traces of the Futurists and the surreal light of de Chirico, but these effects soon vanished. Only Cezanne's inner truths remained. But all was Morandi. A group of Morandi bottles could never be attributed to anyone else.

Morandi spent all his life in Bologna, painting his room, his garden, or the views from his holiday house at Grizzana. But he rented a world he has given others forever. Don't miss this many-invented show (Cohen Print Gallery, Israel Museum). Till mid-Dec.

ANIMAL DRAWINGS by two very different artists from far-flung countries form an unusual show. THAWAN DUCHANEE of Bangkok, who showed his modern Buddhist drawings at the Israel Museum while here on a visit about a year ago, is represented with large, lively brush drawings of Jerusalem donkeys and demonic Asian animals and birds, all rendered in the virtuosic Nongas and Zou manner, almost stylized calligraphy at times. IVGENY YOSSIPOVICH TCHOUBAROV is a Russian half who began painting while in the Soviet Navy. A Jewish friend, now settled here, brought Tchoubarov's oil-on-paper paintings of animals with him to Israel; they date from the late 1880s and are mostly in monochrome. Some are fairly figurative and others seem almost imaginary, and they are often rendered as a textured ellipsoids. The best of them project an extraordinary sense of stance and presence (Debel Gallery, Ein Karem). Till Nov. 15.

A LESS odd couple show art photography. YORAM LEHMANN, using a fixed-aperture wood-end-bellows camera, has made striking deep-focus studies of small, everyday objects placed in the foreground of seemingly immense distances, with an acknowledged debt to Claes Oldenburg (who created "monuments" out of giant cloths, etc.). Lehmann's electric plug is pure Oldenburg. Printing, design and atmosphere are first class. DAVID MAESTRO, head of the photography unit at the Technion, shows diptych and triptych studies of streets, sites and people that enlarge our awareness of the situation, or of a landscape's dramatic possibilities: the ship in a fjord creates a design worthy of Franz Kline (Little Gallery, Rehov Shimon 27, Jerusalem).

ISRAEL TUMARKIN is showing photographs of rosette projects executed in the U.S., a show that was reviewed here when it opened in Tel Aviv. The display is worth a visit, if only to see how Tumarkin has successfully incorporated enormous sheets of tinted glass into his large cotton-steel sculptures, which are all nicely sited in the vastness of American private estates and college campuses. One can't help looking at the surroundings through the frame of the glass, which both transforms and selects bits of the landscape and forces it to interact with both the sculpture and the spectator (U.S. Cultural Center, Rehov Keron Hayesod, Jerusalem).

MANI SALAMA is having a show of pen and pencil drawings that reflect great sensitivity and feeling for the materials (flat flecks and touches of colour are sometimes added to the pencil), but these somewhat self-indulgent works lack both a point of view and ideas about composition. Worse, there are too many decorative traces of images, idioms and mannerisms employed by such artists as Michelangelo, Uri Lifschitz, Oded Feingold and Ivan Schwabel (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Nov. 2.

PLANINKA KOVACHEVICH, a visitor from Yugoslavia, does romantic paintings of backs of naked women in front of mirrors and framed by doors or windows, or by a window effect achieved by cutting the work into strips and mounting it on a dark background. There are also a few rough oils of bits of neo-classic sculpture. Only excellent draughtsmanship could justify the generally sweet approach, but it is not forthcoming (Kingo Gallery, 13 Shimon, Jerusalem). Till Oct. 25.

NEW TECHNIQUES, OLD PROBLEMS

Gil Goldfine

DAN AVIDAN is a poet by nature and inclination. By desire, he is also a thinker and a tinker. His two-dimensional "Monoprojection" (all into the latter category). They are prime examples of how an esthetic, perceptive and creative mind has harnessed delectable words and celebrated phrases to a mini-manifesto that proposes to elevate the status, and in a way extend the importance, of a rather ordinary picture-making style.

Monoprojection is Avidan's word for the quasi-college technique whereby he photocopies abstract, symbolic and hard-core pornographic material onto orthometric film (distorted black and white images with no grey values), which he then sandwiches in varying layers, with blazing coloured celluloid



Dan Adam: photo-painting (Dugith, Tel Aviv).

blanks, paper or aluminum sheets. As a consequence, the overlapping, transparent layers create multiple shapes and shroud the basic reality in a camouflaged abstraction, while retaining the visual associations.

I found these colourful frames ordinary because they are never totally aggressive and rarely elegant. They are clever, often purely decorative and on occasion contain a subtle motif. Avidan's talent is to choose and glue; unlike his literary activities, this exhibition achieves very little (Jullis M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 28.

DAN ADAM's totally experimental "Photo-Paintings" are basic, raw and immature. Using a Polaroid SX-70 camera, Adam photographed a selected scene or created still life and while the multi-surface emulsion colour film (15 layers) was still wet and elastic, he dug and scraped into it, actually resurfacing portions of the photo and exposing un-matched huss while obliterating others. Abstraction followed destruction and organized confusion along with it. The rigid semi-size format and full spectrum colour are problems that need to be overcome; nevertheless, Adam should be encouraged to continue shooting and scraping (Dugith Gallery, 43 Friedmann, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 31.

WHEN YOU think about it, X-ray films contain parallels with nostalgic fooling. Their foggy shadows are vague and dreamy and only the individual prepared to read them can learn the truth of their clouded secrets. ALEXANDER SCHWARTZ, a recent immigrant from Russia, in his first one man show here, finds the X-ray film an excellent partner for pencil, paint and other mixed media material. His panels are precisely composed in a rigid vertical-horizontal fashion, yet handled with ease and finesse. Basically historical and autobiographical metaphors, their content is instructive — personal and internal, singular not universal. But somewhere along the way the art side seems to have been left undeveloped (Tzavia Gallery, 30 Ibn Givoli, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 24.

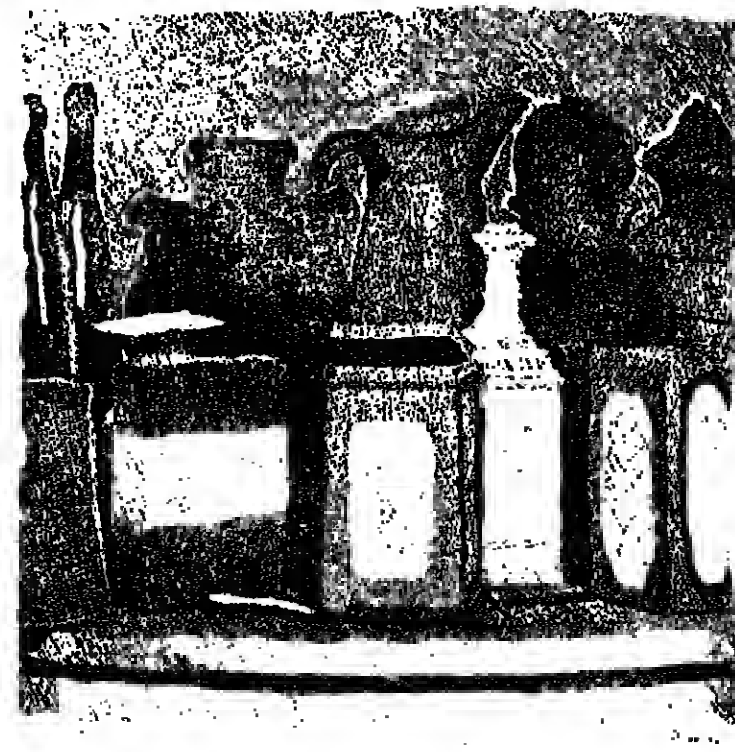
JOSEPH GATTEGNO is an Israeli who has lived in France on and off since 1967. His canvases inevitably echo the French influence of colour, light and impressionistic lyricism while attempting to cross the paths of abstract expressionism. Converging streets, ascending houses and a constant flow of humanity are ambiguous yet definable, generally viewed and composed from an unorthodox angular perspective, and flopped. They are roughly brushed in a semaphoric manner, dotted and dashed with alter-

nating crowded strokes. Almost mosaicized, the volatile areas of viridian, alizarin and plum are enveloped in steamy fields of grey and tan describing the atmosphere of street and sky (Lelvik House Gallery, 30 Dov Hoz, Tel Aviv). Till Oct. 28.

RECENT drawings by MOSHE KUPPERMAN are the only bright spots in a group show that also features TAMAR GETER, AVIVA URI and YEHUDIT LEVIN. Using graphite, charcoal, black tape and his ubiquitous violet, Kupperman crumbles his abstractions with definitive horizontal bands planted in opposition to a curvilinear line. Concepts of activity versus passivity and strength versus fragility are perfectly organized and one finds pleasure examining the innards of each and every plate, despite the overall similarity. Geter's contour sketches of human hands recede into mechanical casualness resulting in schematic, planular or isometric equivalents. Unfortunately, these variations are as dull and as poorly drawn as the hands themselves. Uri and Levin show limited pieces of little consequence, mere gallery "fill" (Ruse Gallery, 19 Gordon, Tel Aviv).

RICHARD BALIN shows a pot-pourri of watercolours, etchings, woodcuts and drawings, few of which achieve any distinction. People in real and imaginary predicaments are described in light decorative motifs, while surrealism attempts to creep in through the seams. The large and repetitive show marks the opening of a new gallery (Shamir Gallery, 24 Rehovot St., Tel Aviv, a division of Gilart Graphics).

INOS CORRADIN, an Italian residing in Brazil, is exhibiting here for the fourth time. His paintings, harshly shadowed and textured, are more like illustrative drawings with colour added. Mannered figures are compartmentalized and outlined with great accuracy as into the faces forlornly stare into the gallery with unabashed sadness (Bar-Tzion Gallery, 24 Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till Nov. 1.



Giorgio Morandi: etching, 1953 (Israel Museum).

HAVING LUNCH at the Gingi's is like being in an existentialist (but yet Talmudic) play in two acts. A play that has been running for 14 years at Rehov Montefiore, and before that on Shenkin. On Saturdays, there is only Act Two.

We had to wait outside on a bench, the four of us, because all eight tables in the tiny restaurant were full. Our bench was under a tree at King Albert Square; yes, Tel Aviv has a King Albert Square, at the intersection of Nahmani and Montefiore.

We shared the bench with another waiting customer — a gaunt, bearded man dressed in rags and carrying a bundle of more rage. He muttered something to us in a kindly way and moved down the bench to make room for the four of us — two American tourists, two Israeli journalists.

Soon the Gingi, who runs the restaurant, waved to us to come in. A table was free. The bearded man stayed outside. He had come before us, but would wait another hour, till 2 p.m.

That is the point about lunch at the Gingi's, and why the American couple had made a concerted effort to find the place. From noon till 2 p.m. every day it is simply an unpretentious restaurant serving generous portions of home-cooked Jewish food. After 2 p.m., for the second act as it were, a whole different cast of characters appears. They choose from the same menu and eat the same food. But don't pry.

Saturdays the place is open exclusively to the after-2 p.m. group and closed to the paying customers; it is strictly kosher. Friday nights, too, it is "open to the poor and the lonely."

SO THERE WE were, with the more or less normal pre-2 p.m. crowd. Office workers, an army officer, two men who looked like kibbutzniks in town for the day, some others with attaché cases. Everybody worked their way through things like *kishke* and *gofite fish*, bulled beef and chicken; some dined there is *cholent*, *stivud*. Read their papers, talked, paid their bills and left. As 2 p.m. drew near the cast began to

Lunch at the Gingi's



Helga Dudman

shift. A very old lady tottered in with a pot; it was filled, and she tottered out.

I had come to this out-of-the-way place in an out-of-the-way way. A tourist couple from New York had read about this unique restaurant in the American Jewish press. The article described the atmosphere well — "...plates of soup, stuffed dorne, fish, all kinds of meat, vegetables with gravy — everything that contained the flair of tradition and the perfume of folklore." But it got the address wrong. The tourists tried vainly to find it on "Rothschild, close to the Habimah." Finally they telephoned to the *Ma'ariv* columnist who, the American article explained, had taken the visiting author to the little restaurant which so impressed him. And so these tourists contacted her, after trudging up and down Rothschild clutching the article; she agreed to take them to the place, and invited me to come.

If you come from America, I suppose it is not too incorrect to describe the Gingi's restaurant as "close to the Habimah." But if you live near the Habimah, as I do, you might never hear about it except under such circumstances. Its atmosphere is bygone Tmva, and it is a bygone part of Tel Aviv. Nearly, on Nahmani,

looms the big pegoda-shaped house built over 50 years ago — by an American architect for an American, in very different days.

The Gingi is a short, lively man with a short red beard and red hair making a curly little halo under his kipa. He moves quickly and efficiently, bringing and removing plates, working smoothly with the motherly-looking waitresses. He smiles a great deal and is unusually friendly and open. His face is smooth and unlined. It is hard to tell how old he is; he was at Auschwitz.

"No, there is no real poverty in Israel today, no real hunger as we knew it in Europe," says the Gingi cheerfully, taking away our soup plates (chicken soup, potato soup) and continuing on earlier dialogue, that had started over the lungs and kishkes.

"But there are people with great problems, with spiritual disabilities that make them — in different. What he does, among other things, is help them deal with the practical necessities of this world. 'Look...' Believing the boiled chicken for the next

table, he flipped on ours some correspondence about an old age pension from the National Insurance Institute. "This woman just doesn't collect her money, or even really know what is coming to her. So we help with that."

THEN THERE is the man who washes dishes. "I'm probably the only restaurant in town that has Jews, not Arabs as kitchen help," says the smiling Gingi. "This one turned up about three years ago. His hands were trembling and he had a strange look in his eyes. I convinced the women in the kitchen that he'd be all right. At first it took him an hour to wash a dish. But his fine now. He drinks. But that doesn't interfere with his work. And he forgets to pay his rent. So not long ago he was served with an eviction notice."

"Well, I paid up for him, deducting from his salary. And I had a lawyer take care of the eviction notice at the courthouse." It turned out that the other side was quite impressed by the legal talent available to the defence for this miserable little case. It was the law firm of the former Minister of Justice; members of the staff are among the pre-2 p.m. regulars at the Gingi's.

"I can tell right away, by their eyes, whether somebody is dis-

turbed for the better, or for the worse. Look, look at his eyes." And the Gingi asked the dishwasher to step out from the kitchen in some pretext or other. I failed the test, because he looked to me no more and no less on the verge of any psychosis than many of the people I meet daily.

HERE I SHOULD also confess that I am no judge at all of what is called Jewish food. I grow up without knowing it existed and so on ready to continue happily without further contact with *gefille* fish, cholent, and those other delicacies. However, the New York tourists were enchanted with the Gingi's menu, calling it "Soul Food" and wishing that these joys were available at home. Comparable New York restaurants, they reported, are rapidly closing down.

The bill for the four of us came to IL204; most of us had three beautiful courses, and beverage. By local standards of what you can pay for a bad meal, this is a real bargain.

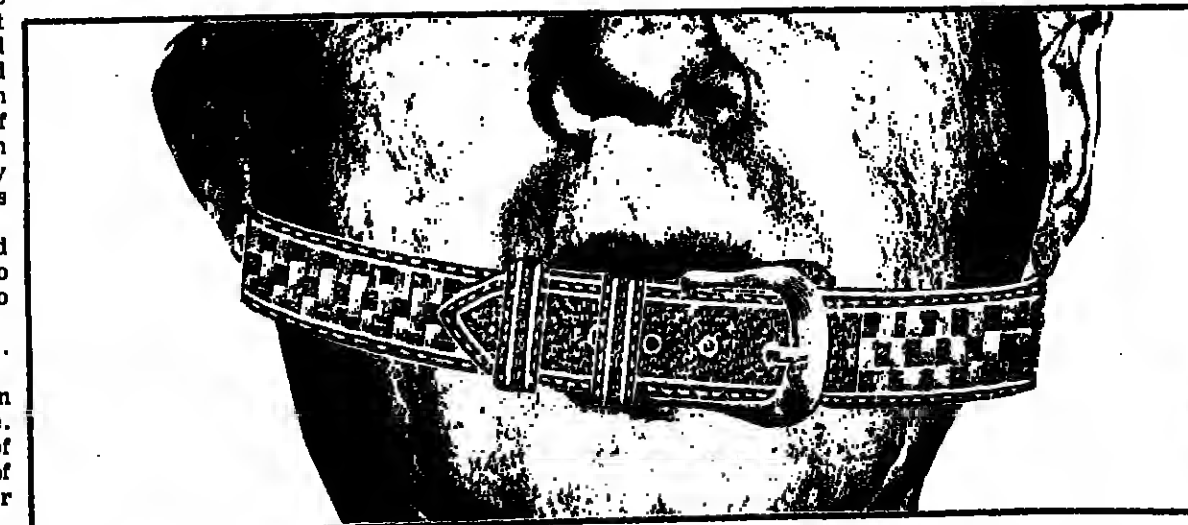
Yet the Gingi's calculation is that he takes "very good prices" from those who can afford it, in order to finance his activities for those who can't. And it seems to him that the more he expands his non-paying operations, the better the regular business is.

I asked him if he considers all this a *mitzva*. "No," he said balancing two plates of soup, "not at all. I do it because it gives me satisfaction every single day." Then he switched to Aramitic, which I tried to write down as "Sh'ma mizvo anhu leke."

Nobody at our table knew how to spell the last word in Hebrew, but somebody at the next table did. I was pleased with myself for knowing it was Aramitic but confessed that I did not grasp the meaning. The Gingi, who belongs to a Talmud study group, tried to explain to me that one does not try to pile up *mitzvo* for scoring on this earth. But he had to go off with the soup.

Ha asked that I not write his name. But I can't help giving the name of his little 8-table Kingdom of Righteousness: *Mitbach Yitzhak* — Yitzhak's Kitchen. □

Conspiracy of silence



Ephraim Kishon

that at gatherings of this kind there always comes a moment when everyone suddenly falls silent, because there's nothing more to say on the subject at hand. It's a tickle moment and, not surprisingly, the one with the weakest nerves present can't bear it for long. So instead of waiting for a natural assumption of the talk, the poor sucker breaks down and utters some meaningless phrase like, 'Ah, yes, well, or,

"That's how it is, isn't it? Know what I mean? Well then, he — the weakest link in the social chain — he's your Saviour..." "How true," said Weinreb. "Never thought of it." "Next!" Ervinke signalled at me, and offered the same rescue plan to Engineer Glik. Ziegler's

turn came next, and in ten minutes Ervinke had taken the whole gathering into his confidence — one by one. Presently we retired to the sidelines and waited. The silence arrived in due time, namely, after the poetess had said:

"I bot things will get even worse next year..." No one could gainsay that, and a general hush fell upon the room. The poetess made as if to add

something, but remembered Ervinke's theory and pressed her lips tightly together. The faces of the other guests, too, bespoke a grim determination not to become the Saviour of the Evening again.

Ten awful seconds crept by in silence. Ervinke raised his eyebrows at me to indicate approval of the way everyone was standing the test. The veins on Weinreb's forehead bulged, but he kept his mouth faithfully shut.

Half a minute passed like an eternity. Ben Zion Ziegler was breathing heavily. Glik commenced with his pipe.

A minute and ten seconds. The poetess' eyes popped.

A minute and forty. One screwy lawyer cleared his throat, and almost choked when all eyes turned on him. Drops of sweat appeared on people's brows.

Nearly three minutes. Weinreb seemed on the point of breaking, but recovered and did not save. Four and a half minutes of dumb silence, may I never know such horror again. Five. My head was starting to swim. Ervinke beckoned to me and we left the house on tiptoe.

We haven't met any of the others since. Could it be they... still... No? □

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with Ma'ariv.

مكتبة من الأصل

WHEN I FIRST saw the name Nail Club, I thought it might be a society for ando-mnoscists. Then, on Tel Aviv's ftehov Dizen-goff, I saw a sign in Hebrew for what would translate literally as "nail transplant" (*hashkhat tsipornayim*). Put it all together and you have one of the fastest-growing fashion fads in Israel — plastic elongation of the finger-nails with a chemical preparation imported from the U.S. A number of beauty salons have sprung up, catering to this trend.

About half the customers, I'm told, are girls and women who initially bite their fingernails to the quick. The treatment gives their nails an impossible-to-bite elongated plastic coating, under which the natural nails can grow out. The rest of the clientele are non-biters, with various other nail problems.

A SALON CALLED Super Nail at 241 Dizengoff in Tel Aviv is devoted solely to these "transplants," as it calls them. Its newer and faster-spreading competitor is Nail Club at 190 Dizengoff, with branches in the Lamed section of Tel Aviv and in Jerusalem, Holon, Rishon and Tiberias. Nail Club uses the term *tsipornayim* — "nail mounting" — and it also deals in conventional manicures, pedicures, hair removal and resisted cosmetic treatments.

Clients are women of all ages, from the late teens to senior citizens — including a number of girl soldiers. The IDF apparently permits long nails, so long as they are coated only in colourless lacquer or a light pink.

Cosmetic nail elongation is not meant to be a permanent solution; it is designed for a few months, until the natural nails grow out to the desired length and strength. In the initial 60-to-90 minute session, the nails are coated over and over with a liquid plastic substance which hardens as it dries and builds the nail out to almost claw-like proportions. (You can have it shorter on request.) Coloured lacquer is applied over the white plastic "nail."

As the natural nail grows out, the customer returns for a touch-up job every 10 or 14 days. At most salons, the going rate is IL250 for the initial treatment and IL40 for each touch-up. After three to five months, the natural nails are supposed to take over — end then ordinary manicure is sufficient.

I RAN INTO difficulties when I tried to find out exactly what the plastic nail coating is made of, and whether it has any certificate of safety from the health authorities. The women who work with this substance have little or no idea what it is — and none seemed willing or able to direct me to the importers or sales agents.

Women working in nail elongation are generally not professionals — neither trained manicurists nor cosmeticians, for the most part — and they claim there is no need for anything but a brief course in how to apply the liquid. "It's not manure — it's an art form, with brush and li- quid," declared the Dizengoff Nail Club manager. She even made the claim that the material had "antibiotic" properties — in which case, it would have to be classed as a medicine!

Ilana, the proprietress of Super Nail, says here was the first such business in Israel, open for a year and a half. But she was not much more informed about the sub- stance itself. She could give me

NAIL SALE



(Millman)

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

Neither its commercial trade- name nor its chemical compo- sition, other than to say it is an "acrylic" (which just refers to a general group of plastics). She says it is the same material as the porcelain-like plastic used by den- tists to build up chipped teeth.

I asked Ilana whether the Ministry of Health had inspected and approved the substance, and she claimed the ministry had not yet decided whether to classify the stuff as a "cosmetic preparation" (*tsipornayim*), which would require a licence. (All medications and cosmetics sold in Israel are supposed to carry a licence number from the Ministry of Health's Phar- maceutical Department.) At Ilana's Super Nail, by the way, you can buy the nail elongator solution in take-home containers for do-it-yourself application, generally after the initial treat- ment. It costs IL102 a bottle.

THE MINISTRY of Health's official answer to me, through its spokesman, was quite different. It replied that, to date, its Depart- ment of Pharmacology knew

nothing about any nail elongation material in use in Israel. No one had applied for a licence to market this product here, and it had not otherwise come to its attention. I was informed that if I wished to provide the ministry with information of its use or sale, ministry officials could halt it un- til such time as it is tested and licensed — or banned, as the case may be.

It seemed rather strange to me that such a product would not come to the ministry's attention until such time as the importers or distributors themselves voluntari- ly applied for a licence — or until some alert citizen notified the ministry. How do cosmetic preparations in commercial quan- tities enter the country without some report going to the Health Ministry? And how can a salon such as Super Nail operate prominently on Rahav Dizengoff for more than a year with a sign advertising "nail transplants" without someone from the health authorities investigating this curious use of a medical term?

There may indeed be nothing harmful to health in the process of

finger nail elongation — and then again, there may be. When I men- tioned the matter to Dr. Jerry Westin, the U.S.-trained medical consultant of Consumer Shield, he cautioned that there may indeed be a danger from the acrylic sub- stance itself, depending on its chemical composition. According to literature in his possession, the activating material in at least some types of nail elongators produced in the United States has been methyl methacrylate. And methyl methacrylate, he says, appears on the U.S. Health, Education and Welfare Department's "Toxic Substances List" as a "carcinogen" — i.e., a cancer-inducing substance. Not all substances on the list are automatically banned in the U.S., he says, and he is not certain about the current status of methyl methacrylate in nail elongators there. If there is anything toxic in nail elongators, he says, it could be absorbed into the human system through the natural fingernail under- neath.

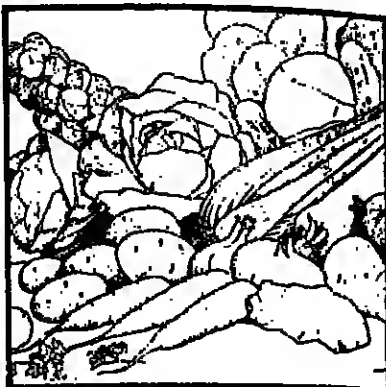
I HAVE HEARD reservations from other quarters about the en- tire idea of building a false nail onto the natural one. In this old days, of course, there were ar- tificial fingernails which were glued over one's own — "but these had an inconvenient habit of fall- ing off into the soup," says English-trained cosmetician Shella Brummer. She has had her own salon in Kfar Shmaryahu for the past dozen years, and says she refuses to do plastic nail build-up treatments. She says the nail covering-up of a nail with something non-porous tends to en- courage the growth of fungus un- der the nail. Several of her own customers who have gone elsewhere for the so-called "nail transplants" have returned to her with fungus problems, which are hard to cure.

"A nail is a living thing... it must have an opportunity to breathe," says Mrs. Brummer. Even women who use ordinary nail polish should take an oc- casional vacation from it, preferably for one week out of each month, she recommends. If women want to strengthen their nails, Mrs. Brummer advises a well-known Swiss product called "Mavala," which you point on at home like polish, or its American counterpart called "It's Hard as Nails." "Mavala" sells at Tel Aviv perfumers for about IL88 plus VAT per small bottle. I do not know anything specific about its chemical composition, but it is a long-known product with a prom- inent European brand-name and a printed label — unlike the anonymous nail elongator solutions.

Another suggestion from Mrs. Brummer for women who want nice nails and smooth hands is to get used to wearing rubber gloves for all household tasks, including vegetable peeling. "A carrot can ruin your hands for two or three weeks,"

A lemon, however, can be beneficial to your nails, according to an instructor at a Tel Aviv beauticians' school, who gives the following tip: For strengthening the nails, soak them for 10 minutes a day in warm undiluted lemon juice. "It hardens the nails fantastically," she claims. It also helps whiten them.

Since nobody claims that lemon juice requires the approval of the Ministry of Health, this might be a good interim solution until the ministry gets around to a ruling on the more complicated subject of the so-called "nail transplants."



Season's eating

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

ONE OF the first things a new- comer notices about life in Israel is that the seasons are to some extent reversed. This is especially true of spring and autumn.

In autumn, in northern Europe and the U.S., the world is prepar- ing to go into its long winter sleep. Plants lose their leaves and the brief display of vivid colour soon abates and the world turns a dull brown.

This is most comparable to spring in Israel, when the brilliant wild flowers die away and leave the landscape almost monochromatic. In autumn, on the other hand, the first rains bring with them the growth of lush vegetation.

This is true in the kitchen as well, where vegetables that would be young and tender in the spring elsewhere are now fresh and juicy. Thus, a dish known as a bouquet of spring vegetables would be called a garland of fall greens here.

To prepare such a dish it is necessary to buy the very youngest and freshest vegetables available. To do that, a long walk through the open market is almost mandatory. There you will buy three or four young leeks, a small cauliflower that still has a tinge of green, half a kilo of carrots so small that the vendor might offer them at a discount, and a handful of peas that have been subjected to the most rigorous of tasting tests.

Boil a small amount of water in a large, wide pot and immerse the pale part of the leeks, cut into finger-lengths. These are quickly followed by the cauliflower, separated into small flowerettes.

While these are cooking, quickly peel the carrots and pod the peas, which are inserted in that order. The peas, the last to cook, should be in the water for only a few minutes.

The entire process should not take more than about 15 minutes, by which time the leeks should be quite tender and all the other vegetables still very slightly crisp. Drain the cooking water, but don't throw it away. It is eminently suitable for soup.

Insert a large piece of butter and leave the vegetables in the pot only long enough for it to melt. Remove them with a slotted spoon and arrange them alternatively, with the peas sprinkled over the whole lot.

Some feel that a bechamel sauce or even slightly salted whipped cream is suitable for this dish, but I feel that the vegetables are best presented in their pristine beauty. □

MARTHA MEISELS

The Weekend Dry Bones

ATTEMPTS TO PRODUCE ISRAELI-DESIGNED CARS HAVE THUS FAR FAILED.

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INTIMIDATING SHARK-FIN STABILIZER AND "FLYING TIGER" GRILL IDENTIFY THE 1978 GEVER

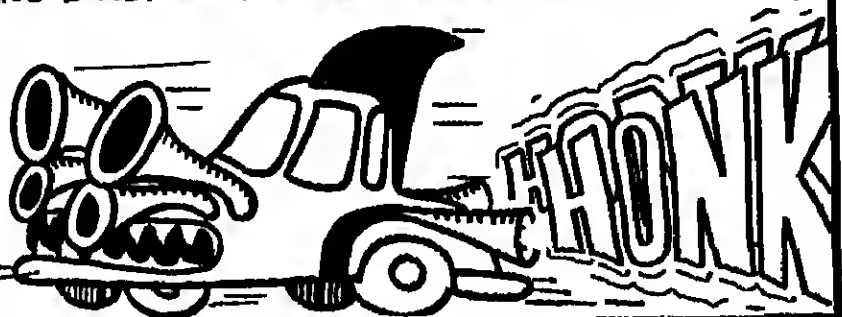
THE 1978 GEVER



QUADROPHONIC FORWARD HORNS AND BLINDING LASER BLAST.



ONCE PAST THE FIG WHO THOUGHT HE HAD THE RIGHT TO USE THE SAME ROAD AS THE 'GEVER' THE UNIQUE REAR HORNS BLAST A TRIUMPHANT SONIC HONK.



A FLICK OF A SWITCH AND THE PASSING WHEELS LIFT THE CHASSIS OVER THE CAR TO BE PASSED.



STANDARD ON ALL MODELS

FEELER GAUGE KEEPS THE "GEVER" A STEADY SIX INCHES BEHIND THE CAR IN FRONT.



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